Vol. CXXXI. No. 1700.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Lanchester do

THE BYSTANDER, JULY 15, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

Out of London—Restaurants & Rendez-vous

Le Touquet & Donington Park—Special Pictures

1/-

DEAF! *Back to HEARING—the Modern Way!*

"MADE-TO-MEASURE" instead of "READY MADE"

NOW the AURAMETER (GRAPH), measuring your Hearing by this latest scientific method—showing what your ears are capable of—lacking and needing, deciding whether "BONADENTE" BONE CONDUCTION, "PHANTOMETTE" AIR CONDUCTION, or "VIBRADENTE" MASSAGE TREATMENT (Tone-sense renewal) is necessary, the "made-to measure" method against the old "ready-made" ideas.

After all, how could you ever hope to get satisfactory results from mass production methods—when even your two ears differ. The modern "Ardente" way is Your way to better Hearing for Church, Radio Talkies Bridge, Sports, etc. Benefit by our wide experience, of thousands of cases in all classes. A boon at home, work and sport.

NO CONSULTATION FEE, or if unable to call, write or 'phone the Service Secretary for details and "Medical Reports." FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED.

R. H. DENT, (LTD.) **309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1**

(*Coloured building and square clock.*) *Mayfair* 1380/1718.

Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Leicester, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.

HEDGES & BUTLER LTD.

PRICE LIST OF

WINES, SPIRITS, & CIGARS

ON APPLICATION TO

153 REGENT STREET, LONDON

Regent 4444.

Brighton, Bournemouth & Branches.

WINE MERCHANTS

ESTABLISHED 1667

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"OF RARE MELLOWNESS"

BOLS CURACAO

AN AFTER-LUNCH LIQUEUR

Others of the famous Bols Liqueurs made in Amsterdam since 1575:

KÜMMEL .. .. always with your coffee.
BOLS BLANC .. for your cocktail.
GOLDEN APRICOT of exquisite bouquet.
CREME DE MENTHE.. aids digestion.
V.O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS) . .one glass a day.

The Heart of the Highlands

The romance of the past and the comforts of to-day meet at the Taymouth Castle Hotel. For centuries this massive castle has played its part in Scottish history. Now you may stay there—in the very rooms where chieftains once held sway. And in the glorious country around you may golf, or ride, or climb or fish—trout and salmon in the Loch and River.

Taymouth Castle Hotel

ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

Manager: R. J. BURRI, late of Grosvenor House, London.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.) Twice Nightly at **6.25 and 9.**
IVOR NOVELLO'S ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY
"GLAMOROUS NIGHT."
Popular Prices: 2/- to 8/9 (Including Tax).

BRITISH HOTELS

NOW IS THE TIME
to visit the sunny Sussex Coast and stay at The
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869*
Which combines the dignity and peacefulness of the past with modern amenities and a high standard of catering. 100 centrally-heated Bedrooms and Suites, all equipped with hot and cold water. Terms are moderate and the illustrated tariff tells you all about it.

AVENUE HOTEL
HARROGATE
A very attractive hotel in the north.
— *for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!*
Close Baths, principal Shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. Resident Bridge Hostess. From £4 4 0 weekly. Illustrated brochure "Q" on request.

THE GRAND
is the smartest Hotel in HARROGATE
Spend your holiday at the Social Centre of the North, where everything is of the best and you will meet the smartest people. The Grand is a first-class hotel with moderate charges and convenient to all Harrogate's attractions.
Inclusive terms and brochure with pleasure from the Manager.

Bembridge is Beautiful
and
THE ROYAL SPITHEAD HOTEL
ideally situated.
M. KORDINA controls the kitchen.
HERR BLUSCH the Dining Room and Service, and
JOCK KIRKLAND mixes the cocktails in the new cocktail bar.
The Hotel is now under entirely New Management.
Write ROYAL SPITHEAD HOTEL, BEMBRIDGE, I.o.W., for Brochure and particulars. 'Phone Bembridge 54.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Vienna.—Hotel Sacher.—Opp. Opera House. Excl. but inexpensive.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—Most u.-to-d. htl. of the Austrian Alps, only 60 mls. from Vienna. All sports. Cures. Casino.

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).–Golf Hotel.–Facing the famous Links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swim. pool. 1st-cl. residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Estab. 'Phone in every room.

Talloires.—Lac D'Annecy.—Hotel du Lac.—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.–Brenners Park Hotel.–Fam. Hotel de Luxe facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pens. fr. 14 M.

Baden-Baden.–Hotel Europe.–Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fcg. Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl. Kurhotel.**—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 5.50. 50 bths. fr. 9.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st.-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg.—Hotel zum Ritter.—Historical place, famous for centuries, first class restaurant, every comfort. Manager: I. Küpfer.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Hotel Excelsior.—Facing station. Renovated 1936. 270 beds. Rooms from RM. 4-6.50. Garage, excellent restaurant.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand, R.A.C. Hotel.—(2900 ft.) Black Forest nr. Baden-Baden, lake, sun bathing, fishing. Terms fr. Mks 6. Cat.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Villingen.—Kurhaus Waldhotel.—220 beds. Situated amidst an extensive forest.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. Kurhaus, Opera and Parks. Pens. fr. RM.12.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle—Three Kings Hotel.—(Trois Rois) On the Rhine. Rooms from Fr. 6.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva.–La Residence.–First-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten — Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Gar. First cl. family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pens. fr. Fr. 11.50 up.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—First-cl. Family Hotel, all comf. Best pos. Excellent cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all incl. from £4.10.0.

Lausanne.–Ouchy.–Meurice Hotel.–On the Lake. 100 beds. Best 1st-class. New prices for 1936. 10 Frs. daily. Garden, Garage.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest sit. on lake. Reasonable terms. Private sun & lake baths free for guests. Park, Tennis, Gar.

Lucerne. — Grand Hotel Europe. — The popular First-class Hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—Hotel du Lac. — Always open. Rooms 5.50. Pension from 13 frs. Branch House, Hotel Gotthard, near station.

Lucerne. — The National — Best location direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 7; Pens. from Frs. 16. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation *right* on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

Lugano (Sth. Switz.)—Hotel Bristol.—In wonderful position overlooking lake. Terms: from £6 weekly.

Lugano.–Grd. Hotel Eden.–Latest comf. All rms. fac. lake, wkly. terms "all in" S.Fr.98. Same house. **The Beau-Rivage.** Wkly. S.Fr.90

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Chateau. — 1st-cl. hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms. RM. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

Thun-Thunerhof-Bellevue.—Pension from Fr. 10.— Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The Hotels Seiler.**—Comf. and homely hotels with 1,000 beds. Pens. rate from 8.50, 9.50 & 11.50 Fr. upw'ds.

THE BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.
Telephone: Central 1010.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.
Inland ..	3 0 10	1 11 6	1 9 3	14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER
weekly for.....months
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose.....
Name.....
Address.....
Date.....1936.

Postage Rates : **INLAND 1½d CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.**

The Bystander, July 15, 1936

No. 1700. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Houston Rogers

Greer Garson—Heroine of a New Play

Greer Garson is the heroine of *The Visitor*, at Daly's, in which she is opposite Louis Borell, the young Dutch actor who took the critics' fancy at the Embassy some weeks back. The play has only been on a week, Miss Garson has only been on the stage four years, the author (Nicholas Monsarrat) and the producer (Ellen Pollock) are both youthful—it's his first play and her first production—so that it is hardly surprising to find *The Visitor* dealing with young indiscretion and romanticism. Greer Garson is a B.A. of London University; she has rapidly taken her place as one of our most attractive younger actresses; had her first West End lead (opposite Nicholas Hannen) in *Accent on Youth* only last year, is red-haired, and a keen angler

Howard Coster

Charles Laughton on a Denham Stage

Stages 1 and 4 of the London Films studio at Denham have been Laughton's for the last month, allocated to him (and a few other people) while *Rembrandt* is being made under Alexander Korda's direction. Laughton plays Rembrandt during the last twenty-five years of the painter's life, has been taught by Vincent Korda (art-director) how to handle paint brushes in a seventeenth-century way, went to Amsterdam museums and galleries to absorb "atmosphere," and grew another moustache (his Cyrano one was never used after all). His wife, Elsa Lanchester, plays opposite him; Gertrude Lawrence and Walter Hudd have important parts. After *Rembrandt* is made, Laughton goes to Hollywood to play in the film of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, and perhaps also with Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette*

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

DANZIG, the new storm-centre of Europe, is one of the most beautiful mediæval cities I have ever seen. Less formal than Rothenburg, more complete than Nüremberg, it is the perfect epitome of all that the Hanseatic League created. It is a city of ancient warehouses and solid merchants' houses and huge cellars, and the Vistula winds through it to the open sea. Now it is no longer a city of quiet, smug, peaceful money-making, but a place of cruelty and violence. Napoleon's first military dukedom took its name from Danzig, and Seton Merriman's best novel was about it.

THE key to the extreme delicacy of the Danzig crisis is the German-Polish rapprochement. Poland, once a firm friend of France, has lately swung into the German orbit. But any quarrel over Danzig must inevitably estrange the two countries again. Poland cannot give up her Treaty Rights, and Germany dare not use force. It is all extremely tricky, and cannot be settled, as the charming Nazi-Danziger, Mr. Greiser, thinks, by the vulgar gesture of a fourth-form schoolboy.

ON all sides one hears indirect repercussions of the speeding-up of rearmament. Here it may be the re-opening of a derelict factory; there it may be the shortage of domestic servants in a rural western county because the young women are flocking into a new munition-works. The Welsh valleys are being surveyed for unbombable sites, and even the Severn Bridge scheme is being extracted from its long-dusty pigeon-hole.

NEWS from Egypt seems to indicate yet another switch in Britain's Mediterranean policy. First came the spectacular dash of the Home Fleet to Levantine waters last year. Then came the almost apologetic climb-down. Now it appears that, with an air-base in Cyprus, and a long lease of Alexandria as a naval base, we are about to resume our stranglehold upon the Middle Sea.

WHOEVER is to blame for the muddle at Jarrow, whether the villain of the piece is the Bank, or the Iron and Steel Federation, or the original syndicate, the fact remains that a first-class bungle has been allowed to develop. The sufferers will be the unfortunate unemployed of the town. The construction of a big modern steel-works on the site of Palmer's former shipyard would have brought renewed hope to many thousands of men and women who had forgotten how to hope. It is now almost certain that delays, sectional interests and obstructionism have killed the scheme. Not only will Jarrow suffer. The whole case for the preservation of individualist capitalism will find a powerful new weapon against it.

THE Provostship of Eton is one of the most majestic offices in the country. A great man, Dr. M. R. James, O.M., adorned it for many years until his recent death. Another famous figure succeeds him. Lord Hugh Cecil will confer distinction as well as receive it.

Caliban in Regent's Park

"The Tempest" is the second play of the open-air season in Regent's Park, and started last week with a very fine cast. Balliol Holloway is an outstanding Caliban; Rosalyn Boulter makes a charming Miranda

THE nationalisation of the Trunk Roads is a curious development. It is, of course, good news for the motorist—at least, it will be good news for the motorist if it means an improvement in the main roads. It is also a great feather in the caps of those who are at the opposite end of the social and financial scale from the Rolls-Royce. The Socialists, advocating nationalisation of everything, naturally whoop in triumph at such a step, especially when it is taken by a very Conservative Government.

THE complete failure of the much-publicised Japanese crew at Henley was an illuminating comment upon the methods of the cheaper journals. The crew was the first Japanese eight that had ever entered for the Grand Challenge Cup, and so it was well worth a paragraph or two. Then some genius discovered that the Japanese boat was several feet shorter than the ordinary racer. From there it was but a step to a mystery boat, made of mystery material, rowed by mystery men from the Orient, in a new and mystery style of their own. The boat turned out to be an ordinary boat, made of cypress, rowed rather slowly in a rather bad style. But the story served its purpose. It excited and deceived everyone, including myself.

WHAT an extraordinary figure Old Kate was, and what a subject her life-story would have made for a late Victorian novelist of the high, moralising, hypocritical type that flourished so damnably in those times. She used to sit every day, in rain or fog or sunshine, swathed in innumerable petticoats and flannel shawls and thick woollen stockings, just outside the old BYSTANDER offices in Aldwych, selling matches. Her back was to the wall, and no mistake, and her face was to the Gaiety. In the old days, she needed no wall, and her face was in the Gaiety. For she was an actress, daughter of an

American colonel, and she played the lead in many plays in New York and London. Three times Lucille Foot (for that was her name) married rich men, and three times her husbands left her large sums of money. But the Casino at Monte Carlo was a fatal lure, and the comedy-star died in a poorhouse after eleven years of match-selling.

A CERTAIN tradesman of the town of Coalville was so busy that he had no leisure for the cultivation of his garden. Weeds grew and the grasses rampaged. But one morning last week he awoke to find that his garden had been dug over, and replanted with a tasteful variety of bedding plants. This opens up a wide field of speculation. Did the nocturnal horticulturalist dig and replant the wrong garden, and, if so, what did he say when he found his mistake? Or is the tradesman a sort of local saint whose friends secretly banded together to help him! Or has Chesterton's Romance and Adventure Agency really come to life at last? I fancy my colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, would ascribe the affair to benevolent fairies working under the direction of Sir J. Barrie, O.M.

THE Olympic trials at the White City, when the Athletic Association's Championships were held, were packed with potential world-beaters. Britain's position in amateur running has improved amazingly since the war. I can well remember the excitement in 1912 when A. N. S. Jackson won the 1500 metres in the Games at Stockholm. The reason for the excitement was that it was the only race won by Britain, and even that was totally unexpected. Since that time, A. G. Hill, Douglas Lowe, Lord Burghley and others have paved the way for our present bunch of great runners.

SUSSEX has rather neatly rubbed in the moral of the now famous episode when the Nottinghamshire captain retired with his men in the rain. That match was left drawn with Sussex only wanting two runs for victory. In their match against Hampshire, Sussex most gallantly went on fielding in the rain in order to let their opponents have a chance of winning, which they did.

The end of this dismal episode leaves Notts officially regretting the action of their captain and at the same time unanimously resolving that he has their complete confidence. The English summer makes compromisers of us all.

I CANNOT make up my mind whether or not to go to the revival of *No, No, Nanette!* On the one side, common sense tells me to go and enjoy the charming gaiety and catchy music of the only post-war musical comedy which can hold a candle to its venerable ancestors; on the other, sentiment tells me that I should so sadly miss Binnie Hale and Joe Coyne, that I would probably burst into tears in my stall; realism adds that, being an Aberdonian, I would be more likely to burst into tears in the pit.

MR. FRANCIS LEDERER'S new film is great fun. The story itself is slight, but the entertainment never flags. The handsome young actor who is the hero of the piece, sits down by mistake next to the wrong girl in a cinema. He kisses her. Screams. Uproar. Accusations of immorality. And from that moment the young man is dogged by misfortune as the "monster from whom no woman is safe." When he falls down on the ice-rink and clutches the nearest girl as he falls, he is instantly arrested on the charge of repeating his "monstrosities," and so on. The film is called *One Rainy Afternoon*, and is highly commended.

THE ambushing and killing of an Italian general and two colonels in Abyssinia has caused a painful sensation in Italy. There are many people who believe that the Duce's troubles—his vicarious troubles, that is to say; he himself is comfortably in Rome—are only beginning in Abyssinia. It is probably true that the Italian armies do not occupy effectively more than two-fifths of the whole Ethiopian territory. And during the campaign Italy's gold reserve went down by almost exactly half.

A CHARMING picture of a great figure was evoked by Mr. John Masefield at the annual meeting of the London Library. The Poet Laureate described how Swinburne used to be brought to the Library of the British Museum by his friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and planted in a seat and supplied with books, all Elizabethan quartos. Mr. Masefield assumes that the books were ribald, because the diminutive poet used to roar with laughter over them. Other readers were furious at the volleys of noise in that tomb-like silence, but nothing could be done. Swinburne was almost stone-deaf, and had no idea that he was making a sound.

THE transmogrification of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Senior, ninety-seven last week, is a phenomenon. Once he was reviled as a piratical buccaneer. Now he is applauded as a philanthropist. Once he was the epitome of all that is regarded as evil in capitalism. Now he is described as a gentle and generous old man. I fancy the truth lies in the genius of his publicity man, Mr. Ivy Lee. It was Mr. Lee who advised the colossal expenditure upon charitable works. It was Mr. Lee who extracted John D. from the lowest hell of public opinion and fitted him out with a handsome line in halos.

Centenary of a Great Imperialist

The unveiling of this vast portrait of Joseph Chamberlain was the chief ceremony of the Albert Hall centenary commemoration meeting. It is fifty feet high, twenty-one feet broad, and was painted by a twenty-nine-year-old artist, Lionel Slater. Mr. L. S. Amery, chairman of the centenary committee, and a fanatical Imperialist himself, unveiled the picture

Sir Austen Chamberlain, Joseph Chamberlain's eldest son, delivered an address in memory of his father at the Albert Hall, laying more stress on his work as a social reformer than as an empire-builder. In Birmingham, Mr. Neville Chamberlain spoke at another huge centenary meeting

Yevonde

Miss Penelope Packe

Fayer of Vienna

Lady Prudence Jellicoe

Engaged

Miss Penelope Packe *is the elder daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, of Prestwold Hall, Loughborough. She is engaged to Captain John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, only son of Captain and Mrs. Drury-Lowe, of Locko Park, Derby. He has a five-year-old son by his first wife, who is now Mrs. Quintin Gilbey*

Lady Prudence Jellicoe *is engaged to Mr. Francis Hope Loudon, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hope Loudon, of Olantigh, Wye, Kent. She is the youngest of the four daughters of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe, of St. Lawrence Hall, I.O.W., and 65, Cadogan Place, S.W.1; she is twenty-three this year*

Miss Nan McGowan's *engagement to Mr. Dermot Daly was first announced in December; they are being married on July 24 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Daly, of Over Norton, Oxon, and is in the Scots Guards; she is the younger daughter of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan*

Miss Joane Kavanagh *is engaged to the Marquess of Kildare, the twenty-two-year-old son of the Duke of Leinster, who is in the Inniskillings. She is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. McMorrough Kavanagh, of Borris House, Co. Carlow. The Duke of Leinster is the premier duke of Ireland; one of his titles, the barony of Offaly, dates back to 1205. The family places are both in Co. Kildare*

Lenare

Miss Nan McGowan

Hay Wrightson

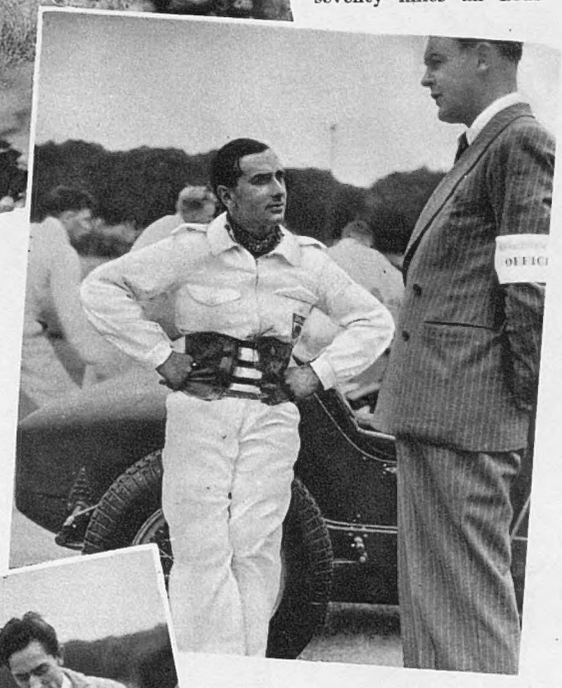
Miss Joane Kavanagh

Racing on the Road

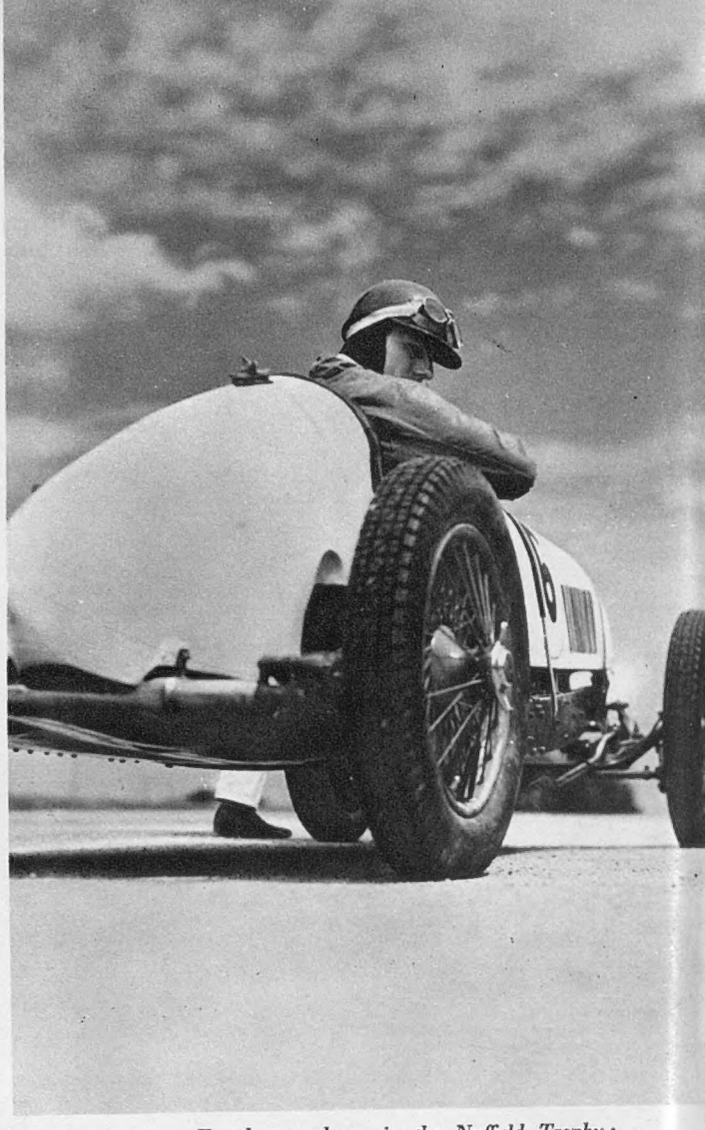
The Nuffield Trophy Meeting at Donington Park

DONINGTON PARK, which is near Derby, has now become more than an excellent training ground for boy racers; it is, in fact, a genuine road-racing circuit, and the only one in England. The Nuffield Trophy, of which these pictures were taken, is one of the most important small-car races held in this country. Two hundred and fifty miles is a distance long enough to worry lots of cars and drivers when the average speed is nearly seventy miles an hour

A cruel blow: the driver of this Alfa must feel as depressed as he looks



Mr. E. K. Rayson, a more than sound driver, looked hopeful, but unfortunately his new Maserati, which he has radically altered, hadn't got over its teething troubles



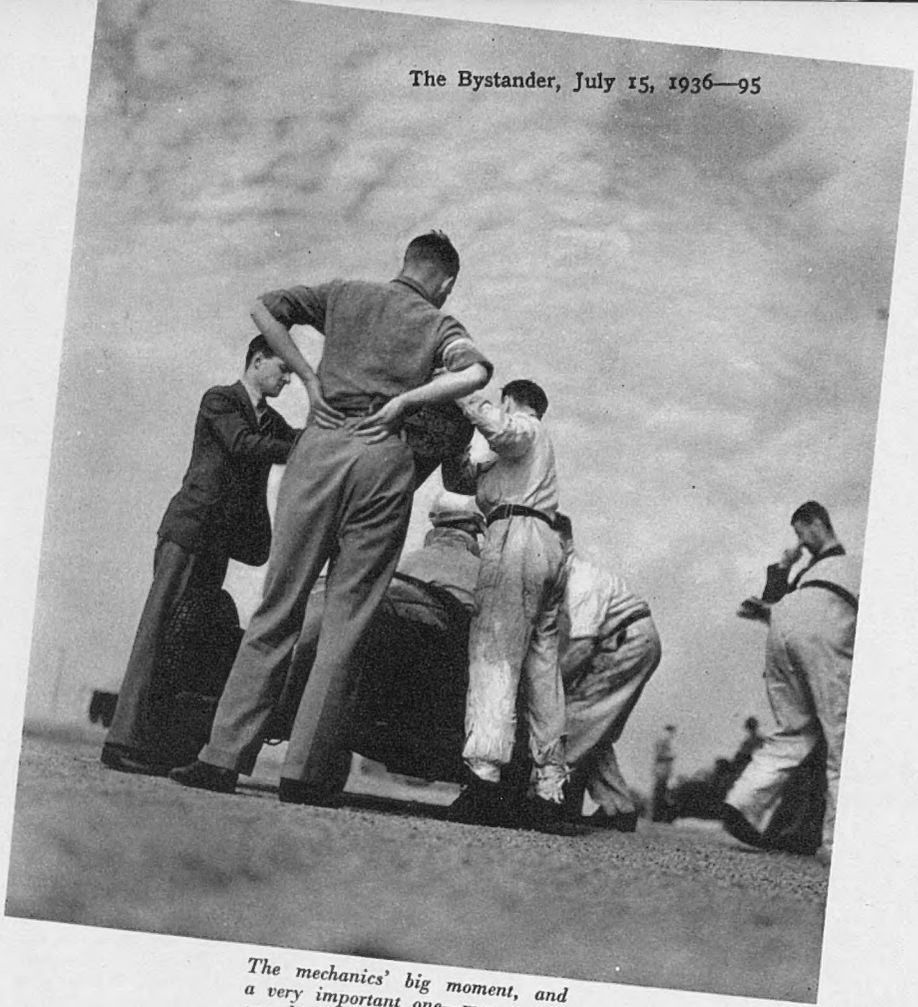
Fourth man home in the Nuffield Trophy: Mr. H. G. Dobbs in his remarkably fast unblown Riley. This very consistent and lucky competitor is always at his best at Donington

Above: Lord Howe adopts a racer's crouch. He drove an E.R.A. steadily and came in sixth

Right: mechanicians in search of urge—working on Mr. Parnell's M.G. before a ten-lap handicap race

Warming up Mr. J. H. T. Smith's M.G., which looks like being a boiler

Result of a shunt: Mr. Parnell must have had a nasty moment when his front axle broke going down the straight to Starkey Corner



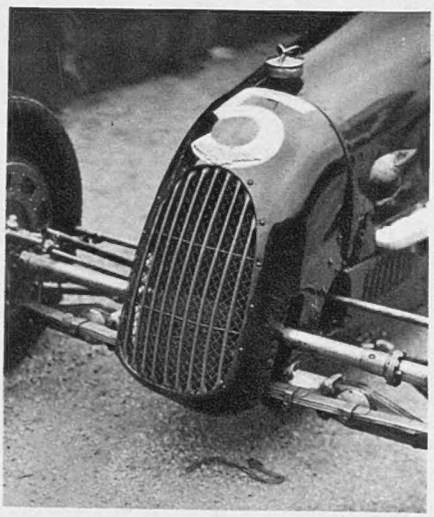
The mechanics' big moment, and a very important one—many races are lost and won at the pits

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Off Like a Flash . . .

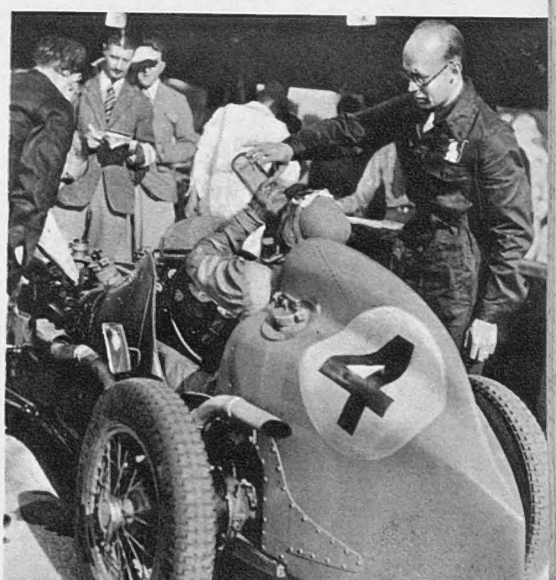
Another victory for Charles Martin; here he is with A. C. Dobson after they had come in first and second respectively in the Nuffield Trophy. C. Martin has established his capabilities in no uncertain manner—"a really promising youth"

Above: aptly named, perhaps; when Mr. Bolster gets this car really wound up, he has to cling on pretty tight



Above: unorthodox suspension—the front end of one of those truly amazing little Austins, whose speed is such a contradiction to their size

Right: orthodox suspension—a close-up of an English Racing Automobile. As is now their habit, E.R.A.s were again well in the money—first, second and third



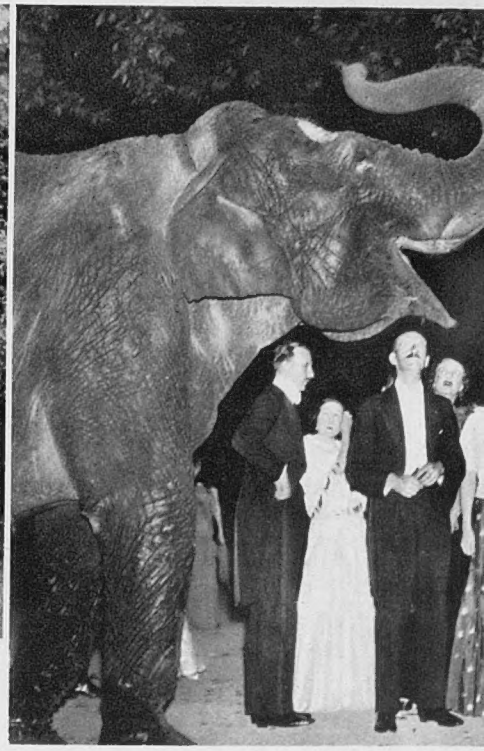
Right: time for a drink even in the middle of a race—very refreshing

Wedding Guests

Miss Clementine Mitford, the Hon. Unity Mitford, and Lady Julia Pakenham were guests at the Campbell—Ormsby Gore wedding reception, held at Lord Salisbury's house

Engaged Couple

Lady Jane FitzRoy, the Duke of Grafton's sister, and Mr. John Nelson, Grenadier Guards, have been engaged since April and are planning to be married in the autumn



Ball at the "Zoo"

The "Zoo" is a new place for a charity ball—one was held there last week, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. A tour of the various animal houses was more amusing than most cabarets. This open-mouthed group of elephant admirers includes Lady Grenfell, Captain and Lady Rosemary Jeffries, and Miss Grenfell

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

EVEN wet weather and Channel fog could not damp the spirits of the members of Buck's Club during their annual golf week-end at Le Touquet. Fog mattered more than rain, for it hampered flying conditions just when everyone wanted to take to the air and attend the opening of the new airport, which occurred on the same date.

A Feeling of Thankfulness

ABOUT 250 British machines, however, did go over, and there was only one mishap, when poor Tommy Weldon crashed with a friend into Boulogne harbour on Saturday evening. To fall from the air into the sea at a spot where it is possible to wade ashore and to be alive at all—plus considerable shock, some concussion and many cuts and bruises—has such an element of luck about it that our chief feeling was one of great thankfulness.

An Old Spanish Custom

THE airport was officially opened on Saturday morning, after which gala luncheons, dinners and all sorts of celebrations continued for several days.

Mr. Dick Sutton and Mr. Rupert Bellville descended from the clouds for a few moments on their way to Spain. The latter polished off another bull a fortnight ago, a formidable-looking animal of three years old. He was presented with the ears and the tail, according to the old Spanish custom.

The new airport should add greatly to the attraction of Le Touquet. It is much nearer than Berck and has an excellent landing-ground and good club-house.

Outsize Aquamarines

Now about those Bucks and their party. Captain Herbert Buckmaster was there himself, and Captain Frank Covell, who, under that joking veneer, is an extraordinarily able organiser and treats hard work as if it were great fun with complete success.

Mrs. Jay O'Brien, a charming American who used to go to St. Moritz every winter, was one of the most decorative people we saw during the week-end. She is fair, with a pink-and-white complexion, and a pink lace dress with an outsize necklace and bracelet of aquamarines that she wore one night was much admired.

Mrs. "Flash" Kellett, who went over by train and boat with the Duchess of Marlborough, wore very simple clothes, but looked chic and soignée, and not utterly careless and hoydenish as, alas, some of the members of our "best families" delight to do, especially abroad.

At the Villa Les Beateaux

ALTHOUGH the weather was tiresome and showery it was quite warm, and lots of people bathed; Lady Stavordale, in an attractive yellow rubber suit; Lady Mary Lygon, in a green cotton pareo—one of those two-piece things that show either your ribs or your roll in the middle; Molly Bishop, in a pale-blue suit, was "escorted" into the water by Lord Manton.

At the Villa Les Beateaux the Charles Sweenys entertained a large party in the absence of his mother, Mrs. Robert Sweeny, who is at present at Baden with her husband, who has been seriously ill. Lord and Lady Queensberry and the youthful Lady Patricia Douglas, Count Paul Munster, and the Hon. Anthony Winn were among their house-guests, while numerous outsiders popped in to frequent meals. "Aunt Annie," the beloved great-aunt of the Sweeny boys, mothered the party, and is spending the whole summer at Le Touquet.

The Casino must have made a lot of money, for even fewer people than usual came home with as much as even a mille.

The Hon. John Hare, we heard, won; Lord Milton was up and down; Mrs. Charles Walsh certainly had a run of luck on one evening. It was all very enjoyable and a packet of fun.

Better Than Ever

WE got back in time for Beatrice Lillie's opening night at the Café de Paris. The one and only "Bee" is in better form than ever, and to see her once again only makes us regret her too frequent engagements in New York. Her new songs are so good, too, that the audience forgot to insist on old favourites like "Snoops the Lawyer" and "A Camp-fire Girl."

Lady Cunard had a large party, which included Lady Stanley, Mr. Derek Morley and Lady Diana Abdy, who wore the most attractive dress in the room—white pin-spotted muslin and quaint turquoise ornaments.

Mrs. Violet Hirsch, in an attractive shade of dark blue, was with her brother-in-law, Mrs. Ralli and Mr. Ralph Milbanke, who has gone to Iceland on a fishing expedition with his brother, the boxing baronet, and Captain Benson.

A Misleading Street

GEORGE STREET, Portman Square, is one of the most deceptive thoroughfares

Miss Mary Ormsby Gore and Mr. Robin Campbell

Mr. Robin Campbell and Miss Mary Ormsby Gore, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Ormsby Gore, M.P., and Lady Beatrice Ormsby Gore, were married at the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, last week. He is the only son of Sir Ronald Campbell, Minister at Belgrade, and Lady Campbell

Mr. A. Campbell Wright and Miss Joan Paton

Mr. E. M. Debenham and Miss Sheila Ballingal

One of the biggest private parties last week was the dance Lady St. John of Bletso gave for two debutantes, Miss Sheila Ballingal and Miss Joan Paton, daughter of Major and Mrs. I. V. Paton. Lady St. John of Bletso gave the dance at her house in Ennismore Gardens

in London. You see small, unimportant shops on each side, an antique dealer's, a flower shop, a window full of sprucely-laundered garments—denoting probably a French cleaner's—and so on.

There is nothing to lead you to suspect that the maisonettes above those little shops are some of the most exquisitely furnished and decorated dwellings in the whole of London.

There is Mr. Bob Lebus's on one side of the street, surely the most perfect little house of its size in the whole town, and almost opposite lives Mr. Arthur de Lissa, who is famous for his taste in decor and knowledge of furniture.

His glass-lined bathroom and bedroom make two small rooms look about eight times their real size, and guests at his cocktail-party last week insisted on exploring his clever little house, which in our own case brought on an attack of acute depression when we compared it to our own uninspired quarters.

A Fascinating Smile

LADY TICHBORNE was at this party with her tall, newly-engaged son and his pretty fiancée, Miss Snagge, and so were the young Kenneth Thorntons. She was Angela Brett, and has the most fascinating smile in the world. Mrs. Thornton, Senior, was there too, and we decided that she and Mrs. Arthur Sainsbury are by far the youngest-looking mothers of married children we have ever seen.

Sir Michael Duff arrived, having dressed early, and was going on to the ballet. "Decorations" included the sister collaborators, Audrey and Waveney Carten, who have a play coming on in the early autumn, Madame de Peña, in a terribly smart "Casino toque," blue and green ospreys making a fence around her head, and Dorothy Dickson, looking as fresh as a daisy, in spite of really arduous stage work.

That's Saying Something!

HAVING got in somehow on the opening night of Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds of* 1936, we almost doubt whether we will go to any other theatre during the next few months! Anyway, we promised "our party" to go again within a week, and that 's saying something.

We arrived rather late (that intention of a sandwich and a cocktail at the Apéritif always develops into a meal, somehow), and cursed ourselves for missing even the first item.

A chorus of slim brown legs were dancing, kicking and stamping as only "Blackbirds" can when we arrived. You can't take in their steps—just flickering limbs and a medley of rhythm and movement that leaves you gasping.

Fans of the first *Blackbird* show (how many years ago ?), swear this is the best of all.

The Nicholas Brothers are our favourites, but you go and see for yourselves.

Fayer of Vienna

Gault — Douglas

Mr. James Gault, son of the late L. H. Gault, and Mrs. Gault, of 20, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and Miss Margaret Campbell Douglas were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the daughter of the late Brigadier-General Campbell Douglas of Mains, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas, of Sketry Hall, Swansea, and 18, Onslow Square, S.W.7

Our Congratulations to C.B.

GOODNESS, we 're forgetting about the audience. Claire Luce was in a box in a bright-red jacket, white flowers in her hair; Mr. Cecil Latta and the Hon. Charles Baillie Hamilton in attendance. The Duchess of Westminster and Sir Anthony Weldon, in the stalls; Mrs. d'Erlanger and Mr. Willie Walton; Lord and Lady Poulett, who are great first-nighters . . . We were rather far back, and cannot remember the names of the backs of any more heads we saw, but we do congratulate Mr. C. B. Cochran, here and now, on a really grand entertainment.

MISS PEEPS

Mr. "Pops" d'Erlanger and Mr. Donald Stoneham were at Le Touquet for the "airport week-end," which synchronised nicely with the annual Buck's Club golf rally

Below: the Hon. Denzil Fortescue emerged from the airport wearing a bow tie and loaded with coats and a portfolio

Mr. Anthony Norman and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nigel Norman, watched some of the week-end arrivals. Nigel Norman is chairman of the Heston firm, Airwork

Below: Miss Rosemary Pooley, Mr. Peter Hervey Bathurst and Mr. Randolph were unloading their week-end luggage

Le Touquet

Opens Its Own Airport

"Anything to Declare?"

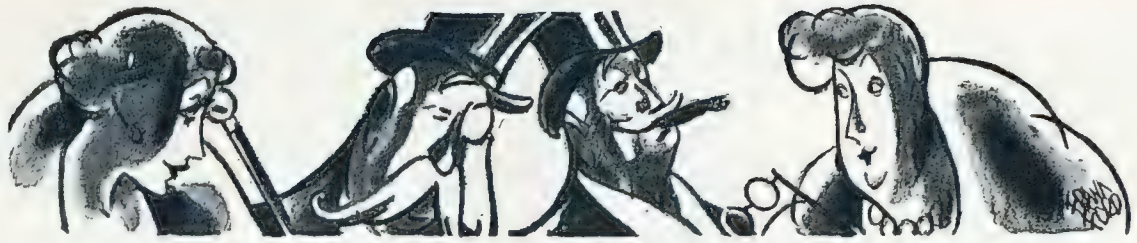
Mr. Geddes, Miss Penelope Massey and Miss Audrey Sale Barker waited for the official to pass their luggage into France

Below: the new airport, three car-minutes from the Casino, was opened ten days ago. Le Touquet invited 125 British owner-pilots, with one passenger each, to spend a long week-end over there to celebrate the occasion

Portrait of Claire Luce

Claire Luce's pale, frail loveliness made its first appearance in public with Texas Guinan's troupe; then she graduated by way of revue in Paris to Ziegfeld's Palm Beach show, and so on to his New York "Follies of 1927." The year after that she came to London as Bonny in *Burlesque* (her favourite part), wasn't seen here again till 1933, when the electric lights of the Palace blazed out her name with Fred Astaire's in *Gay Divorce*. Since then she has made London her home, took a new flat this year in Berkeley Square with her sisters, Polly and Jean, and followed Cochran's sun until three weeks ago. Now she's taking a long holiday but there are rumours of another Cochran play for her when she gets back

Umpire: "Will you take middle or leg, sir?"
Batsman: "I think I had better take a GUINNESS!"



Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE recent anti-beard movement among the Tower Yeomen, who now have the King's permission to shave if they like, was just another of those sporadic waves of restlessness and revolt against beards which sweep civilised communities from time to time. Not long ago—we carefully preserved this bit of news—a gentleman named Carayanadis went into a church at Piræus and tried to cut off the flowing beard of the Metropolitan of Athens, as a protest (so the news-agency said) against the newly-instituted Gregorian Calendar. This seems to us as hypocritical a subterfuge as the protests against a scene in an Earl Carroll revue in New York some time ago. One of the actors wore a luxuriant beard. Another actor suddenly tweaked it and a flock of canaries flew out. Posing as bird-lovers, beard-haters made a great to-do and chatter about this. They were, however, foiled, it being clearly proved that the canaries enjoyed nesting in the undergrowth.

We shouldn't wonder if one or two of the Yeomen's beards were false when it came to a showdown. Remember the great false-beard heresy in fourteenth-century Spain—Aragon and Catalonia chiefly? The hidalgos changed beards three times a day, and had to be dealt with by a special royal decree by Peter of Aragon. Then there 's the case of the hairy portent known to the world as " Karl Marx," whose ocean of fuzz concealed the rosy, laughing, snub-nosed face of a little English governess, Elsie Fothergill. " I just did it to tease the Socialists," said Miss Fothergill, when the daring masquerade was detected. " It was fun writing *Das Kapital*, but I wish now there 'd been a lot of funny illustrations, not French, of course, but really nice, refined, laughable ones, etc." Another beard which has fooled thousands is that of the well-known traffic cop at the Porte St. Denis in Paris. The beard of Gilles de Rais is suspect also, like that of Bluebeard, of whose triumph over his final wife Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote so feelingly :

> To tell the truth unqualified
> Her husband wasn't mollified ;
> Her head is in the bloody
> Little study
> With the rest.

Long life to the Master Cutlers of Sheffield, anyhow.

Rotten Play, Sir!

SINCERELY abashed, we note that a Barcelona gunman named William Lamb has just received seventeen years for shooting a cashier. Mr. Lamb, a native of Nottinghamshire, was apparently one of the most active members of a tough gang, and the British Colony in every foreign capital must be deeply ashamed. They 're all highly respectable and self-contained communities, from our own observation, absorbed in their own little activities, and wrapped in cellophane, as it were, against all undesirable Continental contacts. (Even those of our countrymen who have embraced exile not of their own choice but at the request of their country's police avoid these contacts as much as possible.) The deplorable behaviour of Mr. Lamb must be held to have let everybody down pretty badly. He should have spent his leisure hours in strenuous and slightly self-conscious cricket, showing the foreign population the nobler way. This devoted missionary work goes on in every capital abroad, including Hollywood, where C. Aubrey Smith's labours entitle him to an honorary suffragan-bishopric at least. (And what about those chaps in the African Bush who get the local cannibals to the nets every evening and teach 'em the Late Cut ?)

No, Mr. Lamb has let the side down. There are two Spanish words for cricket—grillo, the insect which chirps, and bilorta, a degraded ball-game played with some sort of apology for a decent willow bat in the remoter country districts. Neither word has a manly ring. It 's clear that cricket in Barcelona has received a severe set-back, and if we belonged to the British Colony there, we just couldn't look the Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar in the face.

" Nurse thinks Harrow "

Ghostly Park

To celebrate the completed restoration work at Versailles, the authorities presented a play the other afternoon in Marie-Antoinette's private theatre in the Trianon, carefully reconstructed by M. Bonnet ; and with what seems a curious lack of tact, they chose *Le Devin du Village*, an innocent pastoral operetta in which the Queen herself played Colette on the very eve of the deluge. Why lack of tact ? (we hear you mumble, wagging those long, exquisite ears of yours to and fro). Because the Trianons are haunted. Profound unhappiness and foreboding hang over them like an electric storm, and figures—including the Queen's—and even scenery of the past have been seen to reappear within recent years. People living in flats in the Rue Maurepas, overlooking the Park, have

actually found the atmosphere unbearable and have moved. See that fascinating little record, *An Adventure*, by two sober English maiden ladies, which goes into all this irrefutably.

Marie-Antoinette played two or three parts on the stage of her white-and-gold village theatre, reserved strictly to the Royal family and intimates. It was her enemy, the sinister Comte de Vaudreuil—Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain met and recognised him in the park in 1901—who persuaded her (1785) to play Rosine in the *Barbier de Séville*, that satire which is supposed to have finally blown the Ancien Régime sky-high, though we doubt it. (Our troops sang "I Want to go Home" at the front as early as 1915, but it didn't bust up the Army.)

Everything considered, it seems hardly delicate to vex unhappy ghosts, since they really do linger at Versailles, by reviving their past. What is it Cordelia says over the bedside of the dying Lear? * You don't know. Your obscene ignorance of the most divine passages of our National Bard appals us.

Footlights Lure Dept.

THE recent economic "stay-in" strike of chorus-girls, scene-shifters, electricians, and other public sweethearts at the Opéra-Comique should usefully remind theatre-lovers that the entertainment business is pretty grim. Lying back and guffawing at a revue after a satisfying dinner, your devotee of the Drama is apt to believe that what amuses him amuses the people who are paid for amusing him, but this is pure illusion. Nothing ever amuses them. It 's been our fortune once or twice to be present at a conclave of theatre executives considering a new West End musical play. Hard-eyed, hatchet-faced, rather surly, wholly serious, bending frowning and suspicious eyebrows over the script, they debate for hours, without moving a muscle, each gossamer frivolity, each dainty offering:

"What 's this dragonfly number?"
"Well, it 's a lot of dragonflies."
"Izzy Maltravers did it last time, didn't he?"
"That 's right. Izzy had a lot of butterflies and fairies and truck doing their stuff round a flower-bed. It was lousy."
"What d' you think, Joe?"
"Uh, huh."
"We got a number like it here already—here you are, 'Moon-Mad.'"
"There aren't any butterflies in that, it 's a boy-meets-girl."
"Well, that 's another garden-set, isn't it?"
"Only a backcloth, Mike."
"What d' you think, Joe?"
"Uh, huh."
"Listen, here he 's got a line where she says love 's fluttering in her heart like a butterfly—what did I tell you?"
"Yeh, but look, when she cracks that gag she pulls a trick string or something and a lot of real butterflies fly out. That 's not so bad."
"What d' you think, Joe?"
"Uh, huh" (etc.).

It 's the same with the comedy. Nothing makes 'em laugh till they get on to the costs side of the racket and find So-and-So trying to stick 'em again with the same old hold-up. Then they

"It 's quite O.K.—it 's a quotation from Shakespeare"

"Arnold, how dare *you make me look small in front of the waiter"*

* "Charge, Chester, charge," etc

do laugh, and it sounds like fifty ironmongers scraping a tin roof with rusty saws. "Entertainment" is certainly the word—and whose!

Contretemps

It seems that Bramshill Park, near Wokingham, which has been described as "a noble and mellowed mediæval pile," and has just been bought by Lord Brocket, is one of the six stately homes of England which deny any connection with the legend of the Mistletoe Bough. You probably wept over that melancholy old rhyme in infancy as we did—it's the one about a young bride who gets shut up in an oak chest on her wedding-night, her skeleton being discovered many years afterwards. In those days we never inquired further into the tragedy, nor did it occur to us that surely, surely the bridegroom and guests didn't trouble to make a very thorough search? ("I say, where's Dinty?" "Eh?" "Where's Dinty? She's disappeared!" "Oh, she'll be somewhere about. Well, as I was saying, I got another couple of brace with my second, and then the Major . . .", etc., etc.)

Another and more obvious solution which also occurred to us in later, wiser years, was that the bride was one of those girls we hear so much about nowadays, whose best friends simply haven't the courage to tell them. (As if they wouldn't, and how!) Always a bridesmaid, she'd at last become a bride—a 100-to-1 chance. One of her intimate friends having summoned up courage to tell the bridegroom after the ceremony, he said irritably, "This can't go on, dammit," and put her in the chest while he went down to complain to people. There was a very jolly party downstairs and, to cut a long story short, he forgot all about the girl and his grievance and went yachting next day with some men. At intervals he'd look a bit dazed and say, "Look here, wasn't I married to a girl called Wendy or Bunty or something?" But Time, the great healer, soon brought oblivion, and when they discovered her skeleton years afterwards, he was as surprised as anybody.

That's our theory and we stick to it.

Pet's Corner

Another memory of infancy revived in us last week on hearing that Hollywood is going to film some of the Elsie Dinsmore stories, which stood next on the nursery shelf to *The Cuckoo Clock* and *Alice* and *Uncle Remus* and the runcible works of Lear. How Elsie Dinsmore, a terrible little American prig of the same class as the three little prigs in *The Fairchild Family*, got on the shelf we don't remember. The next time we met her was in a series of diverting parodies in the *New Yorker* a couple of years ago, in which the winsome child artlessly beat the pants off everybody at poker and generally went round raising Cain. What a child! We never cared for the original Elsie much, the milk-faced chit.

Few English nurseries know Elsie Dinsmore nowadays, we imagine, but it seems the jolly old sadistic *Fairchild Family* still—we've made enquiries—goes on selling. Remember the occasion when Lucy and Emily quarrel, and Papa, to show them an object-lesson on Anger, hauls them off to see the rotting body of a murderer hanging in chains from a gibbet in a dark wood? "Oh, let us go, Papa," said the terrified children. "Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild, sitting on a tree-stump. "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place." And so he did, the smug Yahoo, and nobody came up and beat him over the head for his cruelty. The whole Victorian age is in that incident. Not that Mr. Fairchild is dead yet, by a long chalk. He and Chadband never die. There aren't any gibbets about for Papa nowadays; he probably forces his erring children to read *Punch*.

Glass-Conscious Dept.

Speeches opening the International Congress on Glass in London the other day studiously ignored any mention of benefactors to the Glaziers' Company throughout the ages. What about Sir Richard Grenville, for example, who used to snatch glasses from the table in his fits of berserk rage and chew them to bits? Also Captain "Blackbeard". Teach, another pirate with the same tastes? And what about the chap mentioned in Evelyn's Diary who used to swallow molten glass to amuse the populace? And the London mob of the eighteenth century? There must have been merry scenes in Glaziers' Hall during the Gordon Riots, or when the mob was stoning Apsley House. "Another fifty smash-oh, Master!" the messenger would cry triumphantly, rushing up to High Table, and the jolly Master would order the loving-cup round once again. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"—and here I am again in the spring of '32"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Old Person in Pink

Sketches by Rouson

Young lovers: Clay van Rennen (Clement McCallin) and Felicia (Nova Pilbeam). Unfortunately, Felicia has a husband

"The Lady of La Paz" (Criterion)

MATRIARCHS are quite the fashion in theatrical circles, and as the Comtesse Victoria Rochecourt, Lilian Braithwaite gives us a new type. She is no aged despot ruling her family and estates by sheer force of tyrannical will; instead, she shows Victoria as a golden-haired Dresden china old lady, as well preserved as a crystallised pear. True, she has the iron hand when needed, but it is disguised with a skilful femininity in a white suède glove.

After a polyglot experience of husbands, and lovers, she finds herself established as the reigning sovereign of La Paz, in Costa Rica, where, supported by her ultimate husband, Theo (Paul Leyssac), and surrounded by grandchildren, she grows coffee with great success and, apparently, enormous profit. Needless to say, it is a part after Lilian Braithwaite's own heart, and she plays it with an effective zest which does a great deal towards concealing the constructive defects of the play, which is a dramatisation of a novel by Elinor Mordaunt, the adapter being Edith Ellis.

The story centres round one of the granddaughters, Felicia (Nova Pilbeam), who, at the impressionable age of seventeen, is encouraged by her Spanish parents to marry the owner of an adjoining estate, one Vicente Alcantara (Anthony Ireland), who is the sensual type of man who rejoices in taking and breaking to his will a girl who is just an innocent child. However, the little Felicia develops more spirit than might have been expected; revolted by his brutal love, she returns to the shelter of La Paz and grandmamma. Here Providence, in league with Victoria, supplies a young American, Clay van Rennen (Clement McCallin), who is obviously to be her future and more suitable husband when the sadistic Vicente is conveniently despatched from a life he did not adorn. As the other granddaughter, Ana, Janet Johnson gives an appealing picture of a devout young girl who thinks her destiny is the religious life, an idea successfully broken down by yet another grandchild, John Verney (Nigel Patrick), lately arrived from Oxford.

It is at their wedding that Victoria excels herself in sunset splendour of attire. It would seem as though the traditional order had changed and the mantle of the daughter had descended on the mother. Joyce Carey's performance as the Young Person in Pink will be recalled by seeing Lilian Braithwaite as the old person in pink, in which she outshines even the tropical flowers of the hacienda.

Nova Pilbeam is very pathetic and full of charm as the unhappy little wife, but it would be abnormal if so young a girl could put into the part quite all that it demands. The Spanish characters are excellently drawn and acted, the Pedro of Henry Young being particularly good. And if Clement McCallin is not an American, his is the best imitation ever heard of an inhabitant of God's own country. A brilliant performance given by Paul Leyssac makes the Comte Theodore Rochecourt so irresistible that it is a joy to hear Victoria say that she is still as much in love with him as she was on the day that she ought to have married him. Author and actors alike are tremendously indebted to the clever work of Auriol Lee as producer.

Old lovers: the Lady of La Paz herself (Lilian Braithwaite) with husband number four (Paul Leyssac)

Purity and evil: an intending nun who takes a bride's veil instead (Janet Johnson) and a sadistic neighbour who defiantly snaps his fingers at morality in general, Vicente Alcantara (Anthony Ireland)

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Playwright Walter Hackett

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success"

Walter Hackett's nineteenth play with a part for Marion Lorne is running at the Apollo. What's more, it's his nineteenth (or more) successful play, for *The Fugitives* seems to have settled down in the usual Hackett way for a run which reflects credit on everybody but critics who tried to pick holes in it. The wise ones have given this up, but some of Hackett's reviewers still have the air of thinking, "this play oughtn't to be good—the plot is improbable and the characters unlikely—but good it is." This playwright with something the others haven't got came over from his native California in 1914, bringing his Pennsylvanian bride, Marion Lorne, for a three weeks' honeymoon in London. He hoped to sell a play, didn't, but settled here and made up for it next year, when his *He Didn't Want to Do It* came on at the Prince of Wales's, with Marion Lorne in it, making her first English appearance. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Hackett have had an average of a play a year, he writing, she acting. The latest were *Hyde Park Corner* and *Espionage*, and Mr. Hackett, in collaboration with Cooper Megrue, started *It Pays to Advertise* on its triumphant run in 1924. He opened the Whitehall Theatre in 1930, is lessee of the Apollo, nearly always produces his plays, and lives in Piccadilly

Films of the Day

Portrait of a Millionaire : By George Campbell

You have heard, I suppose, of " Daddy " Browning ? A millionaire American " realtor," he became famous for his habit of adopting pretty blondes, his marriage to one of these damsels, known to a continent as " Peaches," and his habit on the honeymoon of leading a goose around on a string. So far as I can recall, he even had the goose waddling beside the bridal Rolls-Royce as he drove, in slow motion, down Broadway. It may have been this fondness for other pets, or it may have been his habit of dropping on hands and knees and crying " Woof ! Woof ! " when his bride least expected it — the fact remains that " Peaches " expressed herself, through a lawyer, as disappointed, and invited Mr. Browning to supply heart-balm. The bridegroom, on his side, claimed that " Peaches " had deceived him ; and there was pathos in his cry : " With a dentist, of all people ! " But there were catty friends of " Peaches " who said that " Daddy's " real grievance was the same as Thomas Griffith Wainewright's when he poisoned Madeleine Abercromby. " Peaches " had odd-shaped legs—so odd, in fact, that she had them slimmed a bit by a surgeon.

I have mentioned Mr. Browning because he seems to have inspired the portrait of the millionaire in *Colleen*. True, the millionaire so brilliantly played by Hugh Herbert has no goose or other visible trade mark ; but mentally and spiritually they are as brothers. Here, exaggerated slightly, are the genuine benevolence, the childish zest, the touching belief in the essential purity of round-eyed blondes. Mr. Herbert brings to the part his extraordinary gift for making the crazy seem not merely funny, but real. He has only to come into view muttering to himself, starting commanding sentences that are never finished, dithering with his hands, and in five minutes you begin to feel you know him. This (if he isn't careful) is what Uncle Henry will come to ; why (the thought is disturbing but persistent), this is the way you may end up yourself. For Mr. Herbert is just the outward and visible symbol of all the foolish impulses, carried to the *n*th, that the average man secretly feels but virtuously represses.

Colleen is in a double bill at the Plaza—surest indication of the fall of this type of entertainment from favour and the decline of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in particular. The dance scenes (with lavish fashion displays) are as elaborate as those that caused a sensation in the same producer's *Forty-second Street*, and the cast not noticeably inferior. But you can't go on selling carbon copies indefinitely. The public, without knowing it, is waiting for a musical built to a new pattern ; and as yet there is no sign of it.

" The Case Against Mrs. Ames " was heralded with rumours that Madeleine Carroll had found in Hollywood a director capable of evoking all her talent : fans were warned to look out for sensations. I, for one, was disappointed. *The Case Against Mrs. Ames* is not as good a picture as *I Was a Spy ;* not in the same class as *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, despite that picture's obvious departures from common sense. Nor is Miss Carroll any better. Some limitation of technique, or possibly in her personality, inhibits her in drama. Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding—any one of a dozen Hollywood actresses, would have struck fire from the rôle of Mrs. Ames, the young woman on trial for her life. Miss Carroll never suggests more than a pained indignation at the charge of murder, never really engages your sympathy. She is better in the scene in the garden, where she has only to register still pain at her child's rejection of her, and more at home still in the light exchanges with George Brent. The truth is, I think, that Miss Carroll is miscast in drama. She should specialise in social comedy.

The hit of *The Case Against Mrs. Ames* is George Brent, as a roughneck prosecuting attorney who vows he will see Miss Carroll hang. Even though you know perfectly well he will do nothing of the kind—that he will end by leading her to the altar—he keeps your interest from flagging by the vigour and subtlety of his art. Mr. Brent has always been potentially a fine actor, but for a time he spoiled his work by a harsh Irish-American accent. Even now his delivery leaves something to be desired, but he amply atones for it by the strength of his personality, the vigour of his attack, and the nicety of his timing. A rising star, or I 'm a bad tipster.

Congratulations also to Margaret Lindsay for her brilliant study of a gold-digging sports girl in *The Lady Consents*. Michael Arlen once confided to me his ambition to write a play about the sporting cad : indeed, he actually used the idea in *Lily Christine*. *The Lady Consents* does the same thing for the female of the species, and does it uncommonly well. Miss Lindsay makes the creature subtle, extremely attractive, and quite ruthless, and there is nothing improbable in the hero's falling for her. This being fiction, Miss Harding gets him back, of course, but not until her ex-husband's father has accidentally shot himself and thereby brought about a reunion.

Herbert Marshall, who plays the doctor hero opposite Miss Harding, is also the spy in *Till We Meet Again*, a slickly made spy melodrama, with Gertrude Michael as his German opposite number. The plot is plausible enough, and there are some tense situations. I particularly liked the scene in which Miss Michael traps a German officer and leaves him with police surrounding his flat and a revolver in his hand as the only solution. It is dramatic in itself, and it is played by our old friend Rod La Rocque, looking very handsome and acting as well as he looks. I hope we shall see more of him—in bigger rôles.

Two Cases Against Mrs. Ames

In " The Case Against Mrs. Ames " Madeleine Carroll appears as a wealthy widow fighting first against a charge of murdering her husband, then for the custody of her child. Finally she wins both, and a new husband into the bargain—the drunken attorney whom George Brent acts so brilliantly. It 's her first American film (she went over for the slickness she thought British films lacked) and is at the Carlton

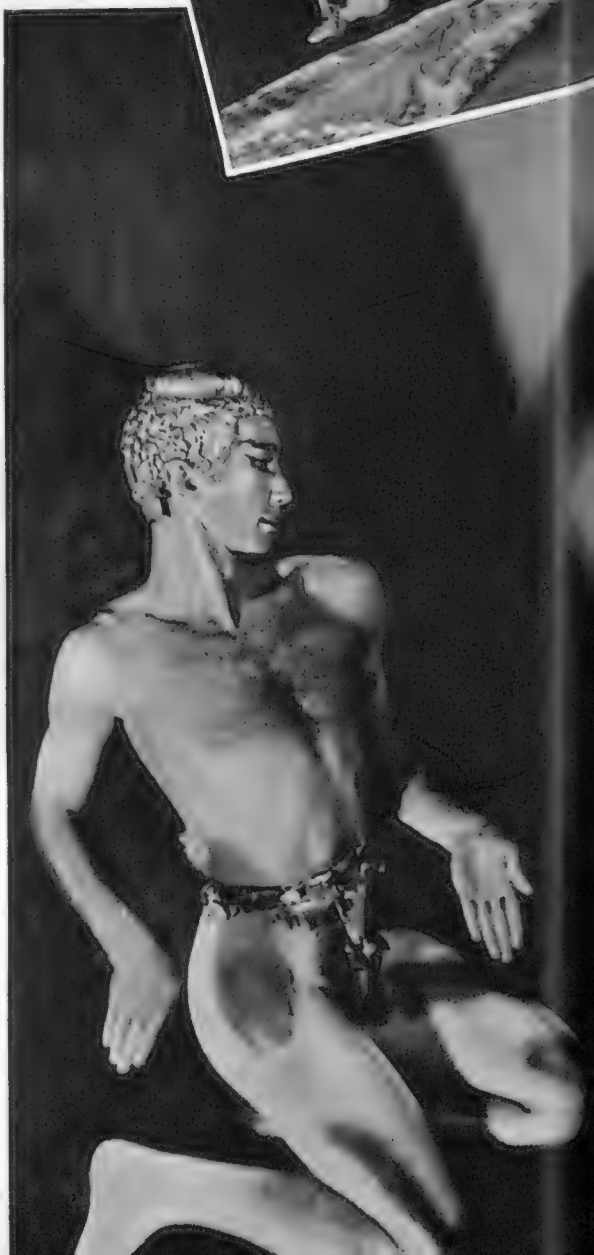
Right : " Till We Meet Again," which went to the Plaza ten days back, is worth seeing, not only because it 's a competent spy film, nor only because its leads are Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall, " looking more like a human St. Bernard than ever," but also because Rod La Rocque makes his reappearance with a first-rate performance as Schrottle, the enemy intelligence officer. Robert Florey directed

Interruption for Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael

Hurrell, Hollywood

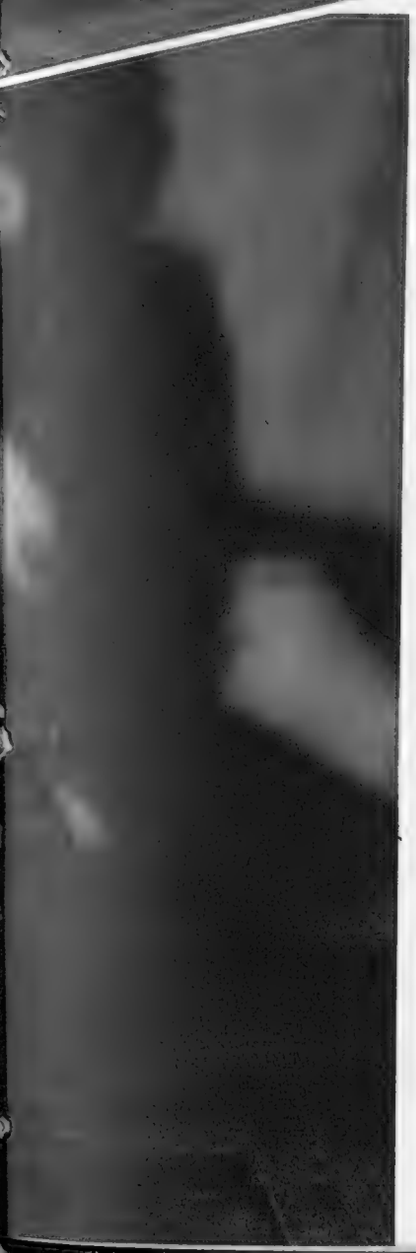
Constance Bennett — on American Holiday

Constance Bennett went back to her native land as soon as she had finished her first English film, *Everything is Thunder*. But not for long: she is on holiday over there, and is coming back in the autumn to make another film for Gaumont-British, this time called *The Hawk*. Next time, she and the studio will be prepared for each other—the studio for the tornado of vitality, energy and temperament that Miss Bennett is when at work, and she for the English production-rhythm which startled her so much by its comparative placidity the first time she met it. She is the eldest of the three star sisters; the middle one, Barbara, is married to Morton Downey, who is now singing at the Palladium. Her own husband is the Marquis de la Falaise. And her film is due to be shown in London any time now



David Lichine as the Faun

Photographs by Anthony



Tamara Grigorieva as the Nymph

"L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"

Lichine and Grigorieva in the Revival of Nijinsky's Ballet

Lichine is a superb Faun in the de Basil revival of Nijinsky's ballet; he looks and moves like a graceful wild creature, in spite of the angularities of the bas-relief convention, and through his mime creates a queer, sultry tenseness within the dream atmosphere evoked by Debussy's unchangeably lovely music. Grigorieva, most beautiful of contemporary dancers, fills the complementary part of the dream picture as the Nymph. *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* was Nijinsky's first ballet, composed, with the help of Bakst who designed the setting and dresses, because Diaghileff wanted him to become a choregrapher, and completed only after a hundred and twenty rehearsals. It was first given in Paris in 1912, and in London during the 1913 season. How much its success then was due to its startling novelty and the famous "scandal" of its Paris presentation is for historians to say; to-day at Covent Garden, it has already become a genuinely popular addition to the huge de Basil repertoire. Lichine, whose dancing this year is receiving very high praise, has a new ballet of his own coming later in the season (after Massine's Berlioz ballet), with Borodin music and Cecil Beaton decor

Lady Stavordale played tennis and dressed for it in a neat spotted skirt-shorts suit

The Portarlington Rolls appeared in the picture as usual—here with its owner and Lady Queensberry, who went over with her husband and step-daughter

Left: Lord Dufferin and Ava, Lord Sefton, and Captain Tommy Graves all played in the Bucks Club golf tournament which shared the honours of the week-end with the new airport opening. Sir Adrian Baillie won the tournament and Col. Medlicott was the runner-up

Below: Lady Worthington-Evans and Mrs. "Lex" Wilson followed the golf-for-men, backgammon-for-women rule

Lord Queensberry leads his attractive and debutante daughter by the hand. Lady Patricia Douglas looks put out about it

Not many people run about Le Touquet—the Casino sees to that—but Lady Mary Herbert (right) was late for something, so run she did

Mrs. "Flash" Kellett, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Major Rex Benson were at the Golf Club, two to watch, and one to play in the Bucks Club battle

More About Le Touquet

The Business of Playing Games

Drinking long drinks in the Golf Club bar—Mr. Kenneth Wagg, Mr. Charles Sweeny, Lord Queensberry, and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg

The sun shone quite a lot of the time and threw short midday shadows for Mrs. de Winton Wills, Lady Mary Lygon, and Mr. John Sutro

Lord Tennyson among the girls, or, more accurately, taking a nice new ball out of his golf-bag in the middle of a platoon of the girl caddies who are part of every French golf course

THE art of Georges-André Martin is an amusing and opportune comment on the wave of balletomania which is sweeping brows of all altitudes in this country. The comment is made with his fingers, and considering two of these only contain six joints, his imitations are remarkable. The man who dances with his fingers ("gros bébé rose à lunettes"—*Comœdia*) has been in England already; he was at the Trocadero in 1933, hailed by the Press for the brilliant novelty he was. M. Martin, once an electrical engineer, originated the idea of "danses digitales" in the schoolroom, but only after ten years' practice has he reached his present excellence of illusion. By the waggling of two fingers, sometimes four, he can keep an audience spellbound. But waggling is not the word—they dance, nothing less

Photographs by Schall, Paris

Choregrapher, Ballet Master and Premier Danseur

Ballet Hoo

Georges-André Martin, the Man Who Dances With His Fingers

"Baby Peggy" is a gay little ballerina who can high kick with the most unorthodox

"Scotsman Jack" below is eyes right when Peggy dances

"La Danseuse Miss Joan" executes steps more classical than her stage-door friends

Below: Georges-André's agile fingers might be animating a caricature of himself

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 29

Major John Hay Beith

IAN HAY is one of the very few pre-war best-sellers who continue to be our most popular novelists nearly a quarter of a century later. True, he is concentrating largely on plays to-day. But the dialogue and plot are as good as ever. John Hay Beith was a master at Fettes when a novel called *Pip* received a full-page review in the *Spectator* and proceeded to sell out its first small edition. He was still a master there when, after five years, it had sold two thousand copies. But there are only five house-masterships at Fettes, and it was evident that he would have to wait a number of years to qualify for one of them. So he took the plunge, like so many schoolmasters before and after him, by turning author.

Pip alone has now sold two hundred and thirty-eight thousand copies. But meantime came the war and *The First Hundred Thousand*. Although thirty-eight, Ian Hay got a commission in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, thus being one of the oldest subalterns in the whole of the British Army. Here he did so well that he got a regular commission and remained on the Special Reserve until 1926.

To-day, at sixty, he looks as trim and soldierly as ever, with his lean figure, cropped grey moustache and military bearing. As an author he is one of the most laborious performers of my acquaintance. He rewrites his first draft four or five times, then dictates it to the invaluable Miss Ray, his secretary, and then writes quite illegibly all over it again. So it takes him nine months of steady work to produce a single novel, his last being *David and Destiny* and his next *The House-master*.

Every morning and every evening between tea and dinner is set aside for writing. Lunch is usually taken at the Garrick or the Beefsteak, and golf will frequently pass away an afternoon. His mannerisms are few. The most noticeable are his habit of twiddling his signet ring when cogitating, and of completely cutting his closest friends in the street when working out a plot. He leaves poker to his attractive wife, eats anything he likes (such as steak and kidney pie) since his appendix was removed; is convinced that it is bad luck to answer the call of "Author!" at a first night; finds movies a great recreation in the afternoon; lives in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; reads Kipling, P. G. Wodehouse, and Rafael Sabatini in preference to all other modern authors; could qualify as a professional guide to London; and in the course of fourteen visits to the United States has been not only to Little Rock, Arkansas, and Paris, Texas, but also to the veritable Kalamazoo itself.

Ian Hay is also a governor of Guy's, chairman of the Society of Authors, a member of the Council of St. Dunstan's, and adapter of *The Frog*, that huge success at Prince's Theatre based on the late Edgar Wallace's thriller.

Charles Graves

Anthony

Miss Lauretta Hope-Nicholson — Debutante

Lauretta Hope-Nicholson is one of the 1936 debutantes whose season's climax is next week, at the Buckingham Palace outdoor reception. Her coming-out dance took place in the spring at her parents' house in Chelsea—More House, Tite Street. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Hope-Nicholson, related through her mother, who was a Miss Hope, to the Linlithgows, and a great-granddaughter of Lieut.-Colonel William Hope, the Crimean V.C. Her parents also have a house in Sussex—Old Place, near Pulborough. Lauretta Hope-Nicholson was born in 1919, has studied Spanish dancing, and goes regularly to the ballet; has one brother of fifteen, and a younger sister with two more Christian names to choose from than her own seven

"Bystander" Short Story No. 46

The Adventure of the Titled Taxi-driver: By Dr. Cyril Alington, D.D.

"It's a queer thing about London taxis," I said. "Nine out of every ten make noises as if they must break down every minute; three out of every four (like this one) nearly refuse to start again whenever they've stopped; but none of them ever seem to break down altogether. You never see a taxi left high and dry in the street."

I was driving across the Park with Ivor, and my remarks were caused by the behaviour of our chariot, which had jibbed badly when asked to enter Lancaster Gate.

"I've been in a bus that broke down," he observed. "It gave up the ghost at Hyde Park Corner after crawling up the mountain, and we had to be transferred to another. Quite romantic it was. One felt a regular shipwrecked mariner.

"But about taxis," he went on; "you'd better not say that to Bill Ambergate: he broke down in the middle of Trafalgar Square. He's often told me it was the most painful moment of his life."

The sentiment seemed to me a little exaggerated, and I hinted as much.

"As a matter of fact," Ivor went on, disregarding my interruption, "it was the south-east side of Trafalgar Square, and that was a bit of luck for him: if it had been by the National Gallery or near Cockspur Street it would have been a lot worse."

I remarked that I couldn't see that it mattered much where exactly a cab broke down.

"I don't believe you know Bill," said Ivor. "He was at Winchester, you know, and he's got the Winchester tradition right in his blood—all that hatred of advertisement, and strong, silent service of the country. Of course, we're all really governed by Wykehamists in the Civil Service whose names no one's ever heard of. Well, that was Bill's idea, but the worst of it was the poor chap was always being thrust into the limelight against his will."

"You can't be a Marquess' eldest son without a bit of publicity," I remarked.

"No; and then there was the boxing, too. Bill couldn't help winning the Public Schools Championship or boxing for Oxford, though he'd a sort of idea that the Winchester people didn't really like it much, and when the papers took him up he was sure they'd dislike it a great deal. But he couldn't help it."

"Didn't they call him 'the boxing Earl' or something like that?" I asked.

"Yes, and had pictures of him whenever they could. He always felt awfully apologetic for being so much in the public eye, so you see he was the last person to want a lot more fuss, and if they'd found out he was the chap in the taxi he'd have been on posters all over the place, and never been able to show his face in Winchester again."

"But I still don't see," I said, "why there was likely to be all that fuss about it: after all, anyone can be in a taxi which breaks down, without having to give his name and address."

"You've missed the whole point," said Ivor patiently. "Bill was *driving* the taxi!"

I was so startled at this unexpected development that I forgot to complain of Ivor's attack on my intelligence.

"What in the world did he want to do that for?" I inquired.

"It seemed the only thing to do," answered Ivor, "and I'm inclined to think it was. It's rather a long yarn, but as we seem stuck in this block (let alone probably never starting again, as you truly observed), I'll tell it you if you like.

"I told you Bill had the Winchester ideal in his heart, but the worst of it was he'd got a lot of other ideals which weren't nearly so respectable: he's got as bad a taste in practical jokes as anyone I know, and he was always giving in to it and then cursing himself for letting the old school down—regular Jekyll and Hyde business on a mild scale.

"After he went down from Oxford he got a job in the City—they've jolly little money and Ambergate's an enormous house. I can't remember who he was with, but it was one of the most respectable firms and appealed to all Bill's better nature: he was fearfully proud of its traditions and very much afraid of his boss, an old fellow with

(Concluded on page 116)

Decorations by Eric Fraser

"As he drank his beer, off came his black moustache. 'Crikey,' said the taxi-driver, 'it's the boxing Earl!"

"The detective's eyes got more steely"

The Adventure of the Titled Taxi-driver *(Continued from page 115)*

white whiskers who might have sat for a statue of Respectability, if anyone wanted to put one up nowadays.

"All went swimmingly for a bit, and Bill was the virtuous apprentice to any extent, and then came this bad break. He 'd got a day off and thought he 'd use it to go down to the docks to meet an old pal who was just coming back from India. So far so good, but then the silly ass got an idea that it would be rather a good joke to dress himself up and go and meet him in disguise—a rotten idea, if you ask me, but that 's Bill all over. So he dressed himself up as a clergyman (I can't imagine why) and stuck on a false moustache, which was really pretty bad art considering how few clergymen wear them nowadays. Then he called a taxi and set off for the docks.

"When he got there he found the boat was an hour or two late, so he turned into a pub to have a glass of beer by way of passing the time. He found his driver had had the same idea, and, being a sociable kind of chap, went and sat down with him. Then the trouble began. There was a steely-eyed bloke sitting in the opposite corner, and the driver began whispering to Bill about him, but he whispered so badly that he couldn't make out what was up for some time, but at last he gathered that he was a detective looking out for some chap who was trying to get out of the country in disguise. Bill wasn't much interested, but didn't like to discourage the driver, so he called for some more beer for both of them: as he drank his off came his black moustache: he happened to be looking at the detective at the moment and he couldn't help seeing that his eyes got more steely—at least, that 's what he says: I 've no idea myself how eyes look steely, let alone steelier—but the effect on the taxi-man was still more marked: his jaw dropped a bit and he said: 'Crikey, it 's the boxing Earl!'

"Then it turned out, as anyone but a guffin like Bill would have guessed before, that he 'd seen he was no parson and had thought he was probably the crook in question. Bill began to feel a bit hot and bothered. Of course, there 's no harm in dressing up like a curate and wearing a false moustache, but he saw it might take a lot of explaining to the detective, and he didn't at all like the idea of having to ring up the office and get them to swear to his character. He looked round a bit wildly, wondering if he could make a bolt for it, but the detective was clearly on the look-out, so he decided to take the taxi-driver into his confidence.

"By a great bit of luck he was a boxing fan, and thrilled with the idea of helping such a promising performer, he suggested driving him back straight away, but Bill didn't think the detective would let him go. Ever since the moustache episode he 'd been looking rather dangerously alert; there was clearly nothing to be gained by making a dash for liberty.

"At that moment the cabby had his inspiration: whispering hoarsely to Bill to wait where he was, he disappeared and returned in about ten minutes, still bubbling with enthusiasm and full of still hoarser whispers.

"'Naw, look 'ere, guv'nor,' he said, 'you 're a gent as I 've took a fancy to, and I want to 'elp yer all I can. I 've been an' monkeyed with that number-plate of mine so as no one will spot it. What you 've got to do is to tyke that cab—tyke it off me, see? Buy it, as yer might s'y, for the rest of the d'y. Then off yer goes, and if that there bloke turns narsty, why I 'll 'ave a word to s'y to 'im. You just sign this 'ere pyper,' and he thrust before Bill's nose a sheet on which a few words were scrawled. He read them with considerable alarm: 'This is to sertify as you have bought my cab.' Bill hesitated for a moment and the taximan was quick to reassure him. 'Naw, guv 'nor, don't yer think I 'm a-tryin' to stick yer over this 'ere business: yer give me wotever yer thinks right, and that 's all right with me.' He was so genuinely anxious to help that Bill had to give in and the names Ambergate and W. Smithies were duly affixed.

"At the last moment the owner of the cab had some qualms: 'I s'pose yer *can* drive a cab, carn't yer?' he asked, and Bill said he could. So that was that. They waited for a moment when the detective had raised his tankard to his lips, and Bill made for the door. As he leapt into the taxi he heard voices raised in anger, and gathered that Mr. Smithies was insisting on reading his precious document to the detective: he didn't wait to hear more, but took the taxi out of that neighbourhood at a speed unheard of since taxis first began."

"But steady on," I said; "if the detective saw the paper he 'd know who Bill was, wouldn't he? And the whole thing would be given away."

"A very good point," said Ivor approvingly. "It 's quite true, and anyone but a pair of chuckleheads like Bill and Smithies would have spotted it, too. That 's where he had a spot of luck: he always writes his name with a big B in the middle for some reason, and the chap read it as A. M. Bergate. You see, he wasn't on the look-out for gentlemen of title, and took it for just an alias. I gather he was rather peeved with Smithies, but he 'd no legal grievance.

"Well, there was Bill out of his hole, but it wasn't all roses, roses all the way by any means. The first thing that went wrong was an old lady holding him up and telling him to drive her to Cannon Street; he couldn't refuse, but no one expects to run into travelling old ladies in that part of London. And when he once got to a station he was done; new fares kept catching his eye as soon as he got rid of one. According to Bill's account he visited Euston, Victoria, Paddington, King's Cross and Waterloo and made enough money to set him up for life. He said he 'd no idea what a profitable job it was.

"But flesh and blood, or rather petrol, couldn't stand it, and, as I told you, he conked out in Trafalgar Square. Luckily it was near the Tube station, so while the bobbies were clustering round and the traffic was held up and the old party inside a-cussing and a-swearing something awful, Bill slipped away, dashed down the Tube stairs and made for his happy home. It gave the police something to think about, especially when Smithies turned up to claim it with a story how it had been stolen from the docks."

Just at the appropriate moment our taxi wheezed to its destination. I got out and prepared to pay.

"How much is it? Four and six? How do you find business these days?"

"Ah, it 's pretty slack, sir. All right if you 're down Kensington way or about the Strand when the theatres come out: it 's the station work that doesn't pay: one may hang about for an hour at a time. Thank you, sir!"

"Of course, Bill may have exaggerated a bit," said Ivor, as we went up the steps into the house. "Some people always like laying it on a bit thick—painting the lily, and all that."

"They do," said I.

THE END.

Coming-of-Age Donkey Race

The Hon. Philip Lever, Lord and Lady Leverhulme's only son, was twenty-one on July 1st, and had his coming-of-age party the following week-end at the Leverhulmes' Cheshire place, Thornton Manor. Part of the programme was evidently a donkey race; this group of starters includes Philip Lever, Pam and Jean Lever, his cousins, the Hon. Ruth Lever, his sister, and Miss A. Cream. Lord Leverhulme is Governor of Lever Brothers

Ford V·8

Glow of Sunshine... Riot of Blossom ...Nature at her Most Gracious

Surely these things indicate a car that will minister generously to your desire for speed with safety, comfort abounding, trustworthiness of the most certain, and yet—while one of which you can be proud in any gathering of fine cars—will be inexpensive to purchase, to run, to maintain lastingly in first-class condition.

Ford V-8 Touring Saloon, Double-Entrance, (£22 10s. Tax) **£250**

Alternative body-styles from £235. All Prices at Works, and Completely Equipped.

Literature on Request: Dealers Everywhere—and remember that every Authorised Ford Dealer can offer replacements and repairs at fixed, low charges, as long as you remain a Ford Owner.

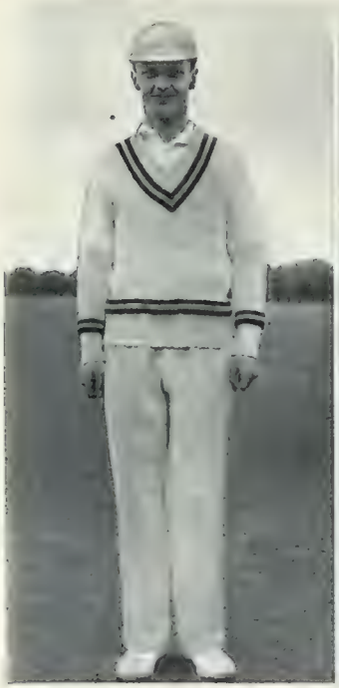
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT ST., W.1

Fresh and clean as a Summer morning...

When you're thirsty and jaded, take a Schweppes Sparkling Lime, with a spot of gin if you prefer, and sip it lazily. It's as sparkling as early sunshine. As refreshing as a rain-washed morning. Keen and clean. And very, very cool. 'The colder the better' applies to all Schweppes drinks.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



Eton Captain

George Mann, Mr. F. T. Mann's elder son, is a leg-break bowler as well as a bat. His younger brother, J. P. Mann, was also in the Eton XI

Harrow Captain

B. D. Carris captained the Harrow side which met Eton two days after the University match. He is going up to Cambridge next Michaelmas

One of the American Team

A British and an American team, each of four six-metre yachts, met in the Clyde for the British-American Cup last Friday. The British team was Lalage (a Crouch boat), Melita, Nike, and Vorsa (Clyde boats); the American team was: Lucie, Jill, Mood, and Indian Scout. The picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Briggs Cunningham in their Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.A. boat, Lucie

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

THIS is a period, not of anti-climax, perhaps, but at least of suspended animation in the summer festival. There is more preparation than performance afoot. We think of Berlin and the Games, or even, rather absurdly, of the approaching Association football season.

THE Gentlemen and Players match begins at Lord's to-day, it is true, and this year we shall watch it with greater interest than of late. It has a Trial match atmosphere about it. The Selectors think naturally in terms of Australia.

We shall be particularly anxious to see Kenneth Farnes, a fast bowler of real promise, though he has not played much cricket this season. And J. W. A. Stephenson is a delightful player to watch, extraordinarily keen, and a fast-medium-paced bowler of no little merit. The Gentlemen, indeed, have a strong attack, with G. O. Allen, F. R. Brown, R. E. S. Wyatt, and E. R. T. Holmes also in the side, and W. H. V. Levett will have an opportunity of confirming his reputation as one of the best wicket-keepers in England.

Probably the game will not greatly help the Selectors, who have made up their minds about many players already. G. O. Allen is apparently destined to lead England in Australia, and he will need all the luck we can wish him. The Australians now are about as fine a cricketing machine as Warwick Armstrong's 1921 side, and that is saying something.

We shall certainly take as many left-handers as possible to Australia, and Fishlock has only to do well in to-day's match to be certain of his place. The young cricketer who interests me most at the moment, though, is N. S. Mitchell-Innes, of Oxford and Somerset, who was given the vacant place in the Gentlemen's team. Mitchell-Innes played magnificently in the Varsity match, and he showed us a combination of technique and character which surely marked him out as a potential England captain of the near future. And captains, potential or actual, are scarce enough just now, as we know to our cost.

IT is comforting to think that at one game, lawn tennis, we do lead the field. We are working now towards the Davis Cup matches, and it will be very surprising if we are beaten in the final, which begins on July 25.

Our players are having a run over the course in a series of matches against Donald Budge and " Bitsey " Grant, at Eastbourne, to-morrow, Friday and Saturday. This should give us an excellent stiffener, and I am wondering how Austin will fare against Grant and his perpetual-motion tactics.

Germany should beat Jugoslavia comfortably enough, and then they meet Australia in the inter-zone final on No. 1 Court at Wimbledon on July 18. This should be a grand

(Concluded on page vi)

For Dublin and Berlin

Above: officers from mounted units are practising for the Olympic Games in Berlin, and the Dublin Horse Show, both of which are in early August. Coming over the jump are Lt. Howard-Vyse, on Bowie Knife, Capt. Carr, on Grantham, and Capt. Scott on Bob Clive

Opening the Fayre Club

Capt. Victor Cazalet, M.P. for Chippenham, and N. Hooper, the Sussex squash player, had a game in the squash courts of the new Fayre Club in Clareville Court, S.W.7, which Capt. Cazalet opened last week. He got his Blue for tennis and racquets up at Oxford

Lady Ratendone, who is with her mother, Mrs. Fox Pitt, was third in the tournament which Lady Crosfield has made an annual event. It's in aid of the Islington Infant Welfare Centre and Princess Alice's 6th N. London Scouts

Baroness Ravensdale (right) played in a white dress with orange buttons; she is with her brother-in-law and sister, Major Dudley and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe

Left: Sir Herbert Wilberforce, a one-time president of the All-England Club, walked round the gardens of Witanhurst with Mrs. Stammers, mother of the Women's Doubles Champion

Right: Lord and Lady Pollington were two more of the good-cause players; she is Captain and Mrs. A. M. T. Fletcher's daughter — married Lord Mexborough's son in 1930

Mlle. Livia Paravicini and Lady Alington, whose blue-and-white scarf matched her belt, were under the cherry-trees with Baron Trautenberg; a tent was put up to supplement the trees' shelter, but (probably because of this) the rain held off

Châtelaine and champion: Lady Crosfield, Sir Arthur Crosfield's wife, organised the tennis tournament and party in her grounds, and Fred Perry was one of the star players who gave an exhibition match—in addition to the American Tournament

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt and Lord John Hope were two more players at Highgate in the tournament watched by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise

Penalty of Fame

Miss Helen Jacobs, the Women's Champion, had to face up to the moving cameras as well as to the one that took this picture at Lady Crosfield's tennis party, where Lady Crofton and Mr. Yencken won the tournament for non-star players

Lady Crosfield's Tennis Party

The Annual Good-Cause Tournament at Highgate

Right: Mrs. Winston Chruchill gave up golf for tennis when she took part in the mixed doubles tournament at Witanhurst, partnered by Mr. Richard Sheepshanks (right). In the middle are Mrs. H. W. Austin (Phyllis Konstam) and her brother-in-law, W. H. Glennie

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Hoylake — Further Impressions

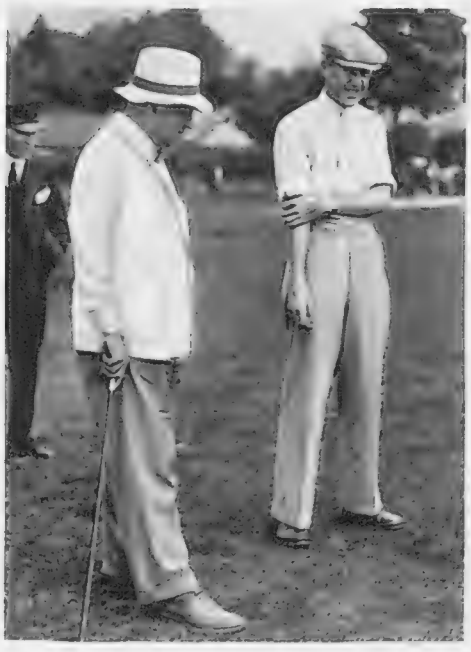
When a golfer who is not present at a championship reads about the play, the first things he wants to know are the weather conditions and the condition of the course. At Hoylake, with the exception of the Monday when, a thunderstorm flooded the links at both Hoylake and Wallasey, the weather conditions were excellent for low scoring. Only the lightest breeze was experienced by the competitors during the whole meeting. The condition of the links was extremely good. The lies through the green were good enough to please an 18 handicap player, and the putting greens were as near perfection as it is possible to make them. Players who in the ordinary way expect to hole from three feet at Hoylake expected to hole from three yards. The long grass at the sides of the holes and about fourteen yards beyond some of the pins was really long and very tough. The long grass at the sides of the holes I thought perfectly fair, but I was of opinion that it was a little unjust that a player on the putting green just over the closely-cut surface should find himself in tough grass a foot or more high. By the last day of the championship a large portion of the long grass had been trampled flat by the various galleries, which were the largest ever seen on this links, and I think that even if the final day's play had not taken place on a Saturday the previous record attendance would have been exceeded.

I should like to congratulate the Green Committee of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club on allowing Bridges, probably the best greenkeeper in the world, to get the course into such perfect condition. We find so many Green Committees making the mistake of interfering with their greenkeepers. I am certain the best way to assure that a course is maintained in first-class order is to give the greenkeeper a free hand. If good results are not obtained the greenkeeper should be dismissed and another employed. If you insist on barking yourself, the possession of a dog-licence appears an unnecessary luxury.

What the "Rules of Golf" call "the Committee" was very loath to declare the play in the qualifying rounds on the Monday "null and void," and it was only after the 18th green at Wallasey had been unplayable for half an hour that it did so. It was rather amusing to see from the clubhouse windows at Wallasey two competitors, one an amateur and the other a professional, breaking the rules on the flooded 18th green, aided and abetted by a gentleman who is a member of both the "Rules of Golf" Committee and the Championship Committee. When the whole green was flooded and the hole surrounded by water, these players moved their balls so that they could play through what I can best describe as a shallow stream, when, if the balls had not been moved, they would have had to play through a deep river. According to Rule 27 (3), when a ball is on the putting green and casual water intervenes between the ball and the hole, the ball may be lifted and placed in the nearest position to where it lay which is not nearer the hole, and which affords a stroke to the hole WITHOUT casual water intervening. This rule makes it clear that you cannot move your ball to putt through shallow water in preference to deep water.

Sarazen never played really well throughout the whole week, and his first return in the Championship proper of 73 would have been considerably higher if he had not holed numerous doubtful and long putts. He was putting with a brass-headed home-made putter which had been lent him by the owner, A. J. Graham who, after beating Bobby Jones, lost to W. I. Hunter in the final of the Amateur championship in 1921 on the same links. In 1921 it was largely due to his putting with this club on extremely fast and slippery greens that Graham did so well. It was obvious early on that Sarazen would not win unless his play off the tee and through the green improved. Good putting can only assist a player to win the Open Championship; it will never win alone. Little has been written about the play of A. Perry, the former champion. Perry, in truth, played reasonably well until he had no hope of winning (his scores were 76, 76, 80 and 79), and, strange to relate, it was the club which to a large extent was responsible for his success last year that let him down this year—namely, his putter.

One of the successes of this Championship was W. Smithers, who, after being a caddie at Sunningdale, went to Canada a few years ago as an assistant professional, and has lately returned to this country. Smithers is at present out of a job, and it was only through the generosity of certain people, who take an interest in his golf, that he was able to enter. Smithers was second in the qualifying with scores of 70 and 71, and returned 75, 73, 77 and 74 in the Championship proper. In his qualifying round of 70, played at Hoylake, he looked at one time likely to beat the record of the green, but he found the last five holes a very strenuous finish, and lost his opportunity. A. D. Locke, of South Africa, was the first amateur, with the very low aggregate of 294, consisting of rounds of 75, 73, 72 and 74—very fine performances. I was very pleased to see Locke do so well, as in my article of May 27 I prophesied that he had little chance in the Amateur, but would do very well in the Open.



The Lucifer Golfing Society Oversea Tournament

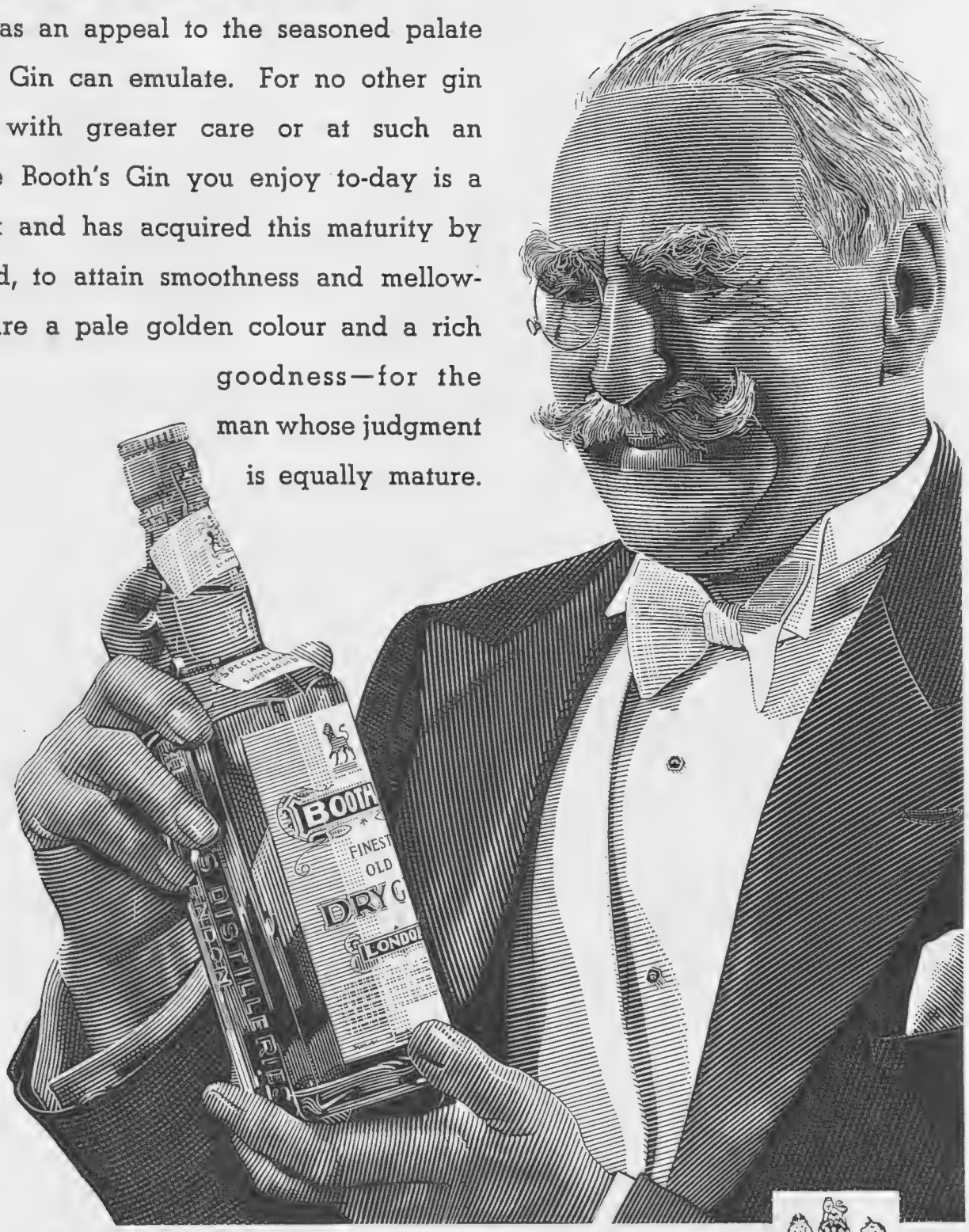
W. E. Londt (S. Africa) is with the winner of the Lucifer oversea meeting at Walton Heath—A. D. Locke (S. African amateur champion). Locke, with a handicap of plus 3, finished 3 up

W. H. Deeth and G. R. R. Brown, two Anglo-Indians; the tournament was held at Walton Heath over the old and new courses, with qualifying rounds at Moor Park, Stoke Poges and Oxhey

A. J. Garland (Royal Calcutta) and James Braid, who acted as starter: Garland, who is golf and tennis champion of Assam, finished second to Locke; he was 3 up on the Old and 3 down on the New (= all square)

MATURITY

Booth's Gin has an appeal to the seasoned palate that no other Gin can emulate. For no other gin is produced with greater care or at such an expense. The Booth's Gin you enjoy to-day is a matured spirit and has acquired this maturity by lying in wood, to attain smoothness and mellowness, to acquire a pale golden colour and a rich goodness—for the man whose judgment is equally mature.



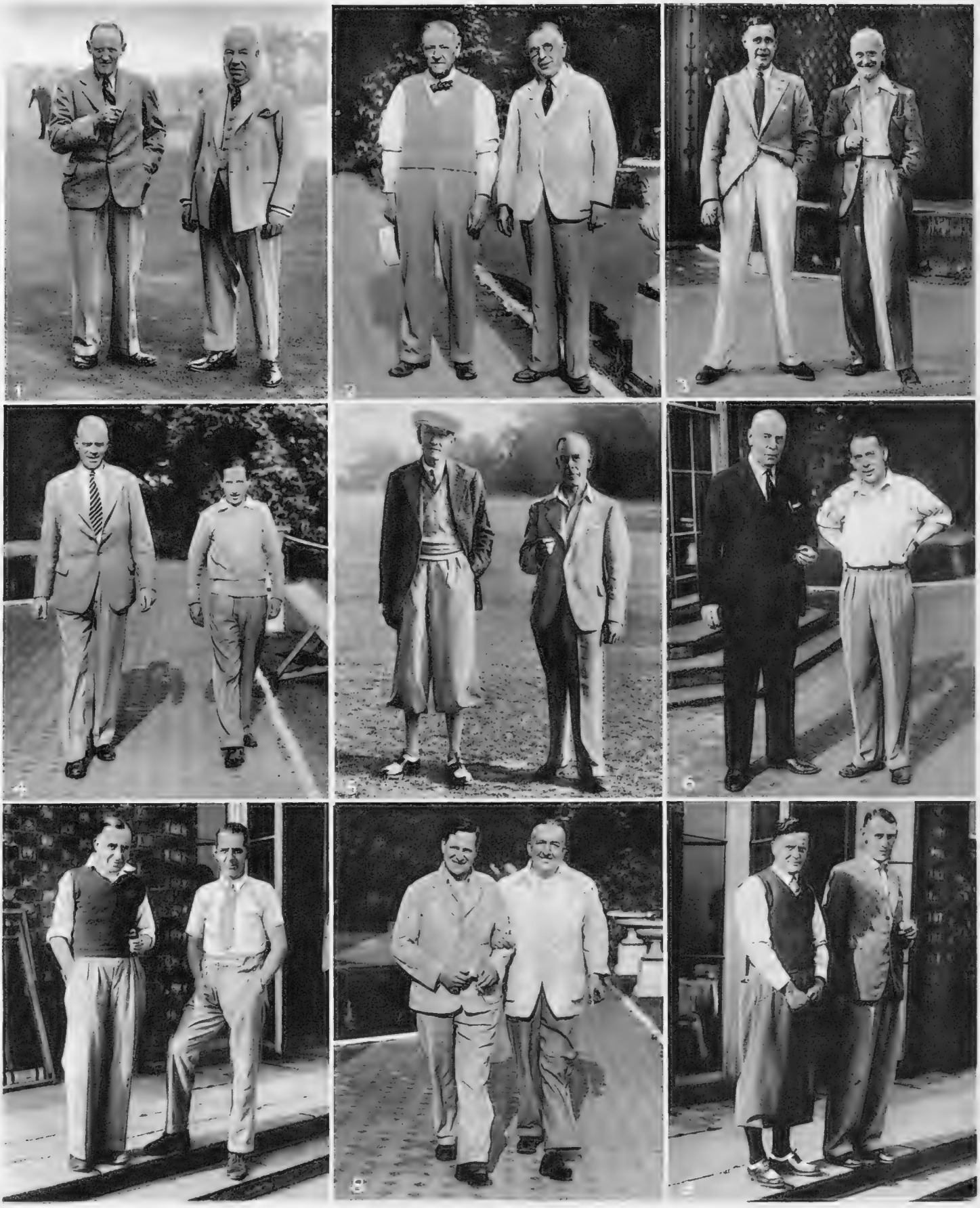
BY APPOINTMENT

BOOTH'S

THE *ONE Matured* GIN

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED · LONDON · E.C.

Golf Clubs at Home: Woolton, Liverpool



(1) Frank Leech (captain) and J. F. Clegg (secretary). (2) W. R. Davies (vice-president) and J. H. Stowe (ex-captain). (3) G. F. Elsworth (ex-captain) and G. Stewart (chairman of house committee). (4) W. Fraser (chairman of handicap committee) and James Bailey. (5) W. Mackintosh and F. L. Elsworth. (6) H. S. Wente and N. S. Youngson. (7) C. R. Harrison and A. Chuck. (8) C. J. P. Davies and A. Edward Thornton. (9) C. H. Lloyd (professional) and A. Robson

This England . . .

Near Fowey, Cornwall.

OUR ROUGH island story has embodied many a hard lesson on the road to grandeur. Yet are we mellowed rather than embittered; and from it all has grown a great love of homely things. Things wrought by hand. Things created with slow care to perpetuate the tradition that conceived them. One such is Worthington, a grand beer brewed in the grand manner—slowly, carefully, that naught may spoil . . . A very English drink. . .

Women's Golf

Great Britain v. France

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

AFTER all the agitation of the Curtis Cup, the match at St. Cloud for the Vagliano Cup seemed almost an affair amongst friends. Not that we can any longer hold the French side in anything but respect, for they have shown themselves excellent golfers. Some are long, some play the short game beautifully. Mme. René Lacoste combined both (according to the length standard of the time), and she won our British Championship. That may quite easily happen again when one of their long players also acquires the short game to perfection.

At all events, though the team went out with the complete confidence of the Selection Committee and of the British public, nobody was so foolish as to look upon the result as a foregone conclusion, and that we should win by 5 to 2 is thoroughly satisfactory and perhaps even a little unexpected.

It shows, I think, that our players are getting tuned up or hardened to the difficulties of International golf, and that the fresh blood is capable of doing really well for us. As I was not at St. Cloud here is a description of it kindly supplied by Lord Alness.

"IT was my good fortune to witness the annual International golf match at St. Cloud between the ladies of France and the ladies of Great Britain and I have been asked to record my impressions of the event.

"First of all as regards its venue. The St. Cloud golf course is a long and, in my humble opinion, a difficult one. The grass on the greens is of very close texture, and holds many an invisible borrow. Local knowledge is therefore manifestly a considerable asset. From the æsthetic point of view, a more charming landscape than that unfolded by the sunny July day on which the match took place it would be difficult to conceive.

"Paris lay below us, with its spires and its towers, and it was all but hidden by a vast tracery of green. The Country Club at St. Cloud would seem to be all that such a club should be. Bathed in sunshine, decked with beds of scarlet geraniums and blue hydrangeas, and surrounded by graceful shrubs and trees, the Club looked, and was, attractive indeed.

"I have been asked to say that the gracious hospitality of the Country Club, and in particular of its Director, Colonel Allié, to their British guests was much appreciated by them and was beyond all praise. The staff, from the highest to the humblest, so I am assured, conspired not only to meet but to anticipate the wants of the British visitors. For this courtesy and kindness the British women golfers are profoundly grateful.

"After this preamble let me come to closer quarters with the golf itself on this historic occasion. France got in an early thrust by winning two out of the three foursomes in the morning. In fact, France let few, if any, chances slip. It was pleasant indeed to see Madame Lacoste play superb golf against Miss Pam Barton. The short game and the timely recoveries of the former were a joy to behold. It is true that the English pair had to cope with a liberal allowance of stymies, but it cannot be doubted that the better players won. A word of praise is due, if it may be permitted, to Mlle. Fay, who pulled her weight throughout the match.

"IN the second encounter of the morning Mrs. Garon and Miss Garnham proved much too good for Madame Munier and Mlle. Kapferer. The English pair combined well, as they always do. Mrs. Garon was, as usual, steady, concentrated and dependable, and Miss Garnham backed her up unfailingly. The margin by which the British couple won—viz., 5-4—tells its own tale. A word of praise is due to Mlle. Kapferer, who was, I believe, playing her first International match, and whose game was full of promise.

"To me, as a loyal Scot, the result of the third foursome was distinctly disappointing. Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Holm fought valiantly for their country, but in vain. If the truth must be told, their touch of the greens deserted them. There is no more to be said save this—that the rest of their game was flawless. France was thus one up on the morning rounds.

"But the tables were turned in the afternoon, for Britain won four of the singles. The outstanding feature of the afternoon matches, which I have no space to detail, was the narrowness with which victory was achieved, except in the case of Mrs. Garon, who seems to specialise in margins. As she was even fours up to the end of her match with Mme. Munier, the result, on such a course, was not surprising. Let me add that Mrs. Holm, her putting apart, played superlatively well, and that Miss Newell and Miss Wade did just what was expected of them. They need ask for no higher praise.

"IF I may set out one or two general impressions of the proceedings, they would be these: first, the extraordinary deliberation with which the French ladies putted and, indeed, played their shots through the green; second, the sporting character of the spectators—mostly French—who applauded a good shot with enthusiasm, whatever its nationality; and third, the efficiency and popularity of the British captain—Miss D. I. Clark, whom all her team regarded not only with appreciation and admiration, but with positive affection. I have no doubt that the French ladies spoke with equal enthusiasm of their captain, Madame Vagliano, though I did not have the same advantage of hearing their comments on her generalship.

"May I, in closing, record two personal reflections? The first relates to the terrible strain of competitive, and in particular of International competitive golf, on the players concerned. Incessant competitive golf seems to me, looking to all else that life has to offer, to be a mistake, and not really worth while. Miss Enid Wilson learned that lesson some time ago, and did not hesitate to act on it. I could name several young lady golfers of whose faces the strain of competitive golf has already taken toll. I would, if I may, beg them in Scottish parlance to 'ca' canny.'

"The second point is this—and I mention it with due diffidence. Shall I put it interrogatively? Is not a system whereby women golfers are more or less mewed up together for several days before an International match, and are cut off from the usual diversions which are open to them, a mistaken policy? Such a system cannot, in my humble judgment, fail to produce introspection and defeatism. When, as on this occasion, the day before the match was wet and depressing in the extreme, is it wise to require that the ladies should sit about in one another's company, and should think and talk probably of little else than the tasks of the morrow? I cannot think that such a policy is good for the golfers or their golf. In my submission the system should be reconsidered and humanised. If I had my way, I should send them all off to a cinema. I cannot make it too clear that, in so saying, I am not repeating anything that I have heard the British players say. Their loyalty to the system and its administrator was unimpeachable. I am merely venturing to record a personal but a convinced opinion, based upon considerable opportunities of observation.

"Finally, I would say Vive la France! Their country may well be proud of these lady golfers whose prowess and whose charm every Britisher—including myself—must both admire and envy."

AS I said before, it is highly satisfactory, and now that Miss Jessie Anderson has added the French Championship to her bag, it is even better.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Heppel and Captain Peploe

Mrs. Heppel, playing for Miss Joyce Wethered's side, followed her captain's lead and beat her man opponent, Captain D. S. Peploe, in her single

Miss Wethered's Team Won

The rival captains: Miss Joyce Wethered's team of eight ladies met Major G. Le Roy Burnham's men's team at New Zealand last week, winning by eight matches to three

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

When choosing clothes to take away for a holiday, it is always wise to include a tweed outfit suitable for travelling and cooler days. Liberty's, Regent Street, have designed the model above in Scotch tweed, with a three-quarter-length double-breasted coat and straight skirt. Brown and beige is the colour scheme, with a burnt-orange overcheck, and the price is 7½ guineas. Revelation's, 170, Piccadilly, have supplied the luggage, a raw-hide leather suit-case and hat-box which are exceptionally light and practical. The "Revelation" suit-case is made in several sizes and expands three inches when necessary, while six or more summer hats will fit into the horse-shoe hat-box. For carrying passport, letters of credit, landing card, ticket, etc., there is a pigskin case at 15s. 6d. which the model is holding. also a travelling handbag with extra-wide gussets for a guinea. This is made of morocco in several colours

Fashions for the Holidays

There is a characteristic charm about the frocks to be seen in the salons at Corot, 33, Old Bond Street, which never fails to appeal, particularly to the debutante who is looking for something a little different. Youth and individuality are present in the model above, which is carried out in blue and white chiffon with a shadow trellis design. It is cut with short, puff sleeves, and a full skirt which flares from the knees; the collar, cuffs and centre panel are of crisp white organdi edged with narrow accordion pleating, and the price is 6½ guineas

Different, but equally becoming is the frock on the left in printed crêpe de Chine with full sleeves and a straight skirt, gathered into soft folds across the front. The high neck is relieved by a white collar and groups of shirring on either shoulder, while the colour scheme is navy and white. It only costs 3½ guineas, and there is a simple method of deferred payment, details of which will gladly be sent on application. Another delightful frock to be seen in these salons is made of spotted crêpe, cut on tailored lines, with a slim skirt and flared basque

Photographs by Philip Harben

A STREAM OF LOVELY WOMEN

Year in, year out, lovely women in a stream come to Van Cleef & Arpels, seeking jewels. They know that they will find new and unique creations there—such as those illustrated here: the ruby leaf clip in the amazing "solid colour" setting (no metal separations between the stones), the imposing diamond and sapphire necklace, the discreetly unusual ear clips ... nowhere else will you see such daring innovation combined with traditional good taste.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, Jewellers, 22, Place Vendôme, Paris

Discovered by Peta pictured by Pam
the bystander twins
in search of
NOVELTIES

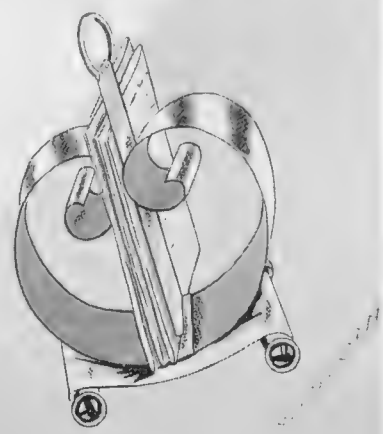
A lace motif in the shape of a butterfly painted in rich, exotic colours, hovers over this circular veil from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It has a wide mesh and is stiffened to stand away from the face

Tweeds for the North demand smart accessories, and Jay's, Regent Street, are showing bags accompanied by scarves in gaily coloured checks and stripes. The set above is carried out in featherweight tweed, and only costs 15s. during the sale now in progress

Three contrasting colours distinguish this shantung silk beach top which may be worn with shorts or slacks. It comes from Lillywhite's, and is available in all sorts of daring colour schemes for 12s. 6d.

Bold white flowers decorate this dark-blue bathing suit in fine wool with scarlet piping at the neck and shoulders. It is cut on slender lines and may be seen at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus

Rubber earrings lend a dashing air to this bathing cap, which fits closely to the head so that no water can penetrate. It is patterned with diamond-shaped lozenges and costs 2s. 11d. at Lillywhite's



Newspapers have a way of making a room look very untidy, so why not invest in one of the new flexible stands which expand almost indefinitely? They are made of chromium and cost 35s. 6d. Harrods have them together with book-ends of a similar character

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Novels in Search of Truth : By Alan Thomas

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S new book, *Eyeless in Gaza* (Chatto and Windus ; 10s. 6d.), is described as a novel. But it is hardly a novel in the ordinary sense. There is, for example, no continuous narrative : or, rather, there are four narratives winding in and out of one another in point of time ; that is to say, you read a chapter headed August 30th, 1933 ; the next chapter is headed December 8th, 1926 ; and the one after that, June 1903 — January 1904. We are told that "the cinema has accustomed people to the use of similar methods." I doubt it. But I am not complaining. There is a certain kick to be got out of taking Time now by the forelock, now by the scruff of the neck. It is a long book—over six hundred pages, well printed and easy to read—and while a good deal is said in one way and another about the body politic and the body economic, the body physical is not left out. Far from it.

"EYELESS IN GAZA" is really an enquiry into the nature of freedom and peace, done in fictional form and interspersed with reflections from the leading character, one Anthony Beavis, the development of whose mental and spiritual outlook forms the basis of this astonishingly brilliant piece of writing. I say astonishingly brilliant advisedly : for, although there are plenty of passages in the book — as in life — to which the squeamish may take exception, yet there are precious few authors to-day who could write so much about the fundamentals of life without becoming intolerably boring. And those two words are incapable of application to Mr. Huxley.

What is he getting at ? In one of his own sentences : "Evil is the accentuation of division ; good, whatever makes for unity with other lives and other beings." Of peace he has much to say : "If you 're convinced people are wicked, you 've no right not to try to make them behave decently." But to achieve your end violence is useless. "If there 's to be peace, there must be hundred per cent. pacifism." Your pacifism, moreover, must not be negative. Your love must be "indefatigable, implacable to surmount all obstacles, the inner sloth . . . and, from without, the other's aversions and suspicions." If Samson, *eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves*, suggested the title for this book, does he not also go to the root of the problem when he says, a few lines later on, "*Whom have I to complain of but myself ?*"

MR. DUDLEY CAREW'S latest book, *The Son of Grief* (Arthur Barker ; 7s. 6d.), is a novel of cricket, not the light-hearted game that is played on village greens, but the sterner stuff of county cricket. It is written by a man with a profound knowledge of the game and of all its moods and tenses. And moods, as everyone knows, can be active or passive. In this book they are pretty active. The hero—a curiously unheroic figure—is as moody a fellow as one would wish to meet. Once he was an Oxford Blue : now he is a pro., and, strive as he will, he cannot shake off the feeling that the world is too much with him. Not poppy (alias Miranda) nor mandragora (alias Felicity) nor all the drowsy syrups of the world (and he samples a good few of them in the shape of modern alcoholic beverages) can ever medicine him to such sweet sleep as men call happiness. He belonged, or thought he belonged, to his little room at the Goat and Compasses, with his bookshelf containing the Bible, Shakespeare and Wisden, and next door that mysterious invalid, Mr. Petzenheuffer, who alone could show him the one way to escape from the prison of hatred and despair. And in the encircling gloom even Petzenheuffer could not stand up against the Great Demon Bowler. It is a queer book, wherein cricket and life are curiously interwoven. But on one point I am clear : when Mr. Carew gets out his blotting-pads and settles down to write, he is very well worth watching.

Bassano

Aldous Huxley

Aldous Huxley's new book, "Eyeless in Gaza," is a novel containing a philosophy, but "while a good deal is said about the body politic and the body economic, the body physical is not left out. Far from it." "Eyeless in Gaza" is Mr. Huxley's third since "Brave New World" set everyone talking in 1932. He also edited D. H. Lawrence's letters, which appeared the same year

BISMILLAHI ar rahman ar rahim—which, being interpreted, means In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate. It is the phrase used by the Arabs before starting out on a journey. But the journey in this case is not the kind that Thomas Cook and Son conduct. It is a journey into the strange places of the human soul, a journey in search of truth. And the conductor is no less a person than Hercule Poirot, the man with the sensitive ears. Luckily (for all save one), he happened to be in Syria at the time : otherwise the *Murder in Mesopotamia*, by Agatha Christie (Collins ; 7s. 6d.), might never have been solved. The setting for the mystery is an archæological expedition with plenty of authentic local colour : indeed, as we are informed, Mrs. Christie wrote the book while she was accompanying her husband on one of his expeditions to Mespot. The story is told by a very sensible and not too literary hospital nurse, who had not been with "the dig" for more than a week when the blow fell on the head of lovely Louise, wife of the leader of the expedition — an unusual murder of a most unusual woman. Poirot's analysis shows Mrs. Christie at the top of her form (or should that be put the other way round ?). Anyway, between them they are responsible for as neat a story of crime and detection as you are likely to come across east—or west—of Suez.

"MEET YOURSELF AS YOU REALLY ARE" is the inviting title of a book by Prince Leopold Loewenstein and William Gerhardi (published by Faber and Faber ; 6s.). They claim to be able to reveal you to yourself by means of an exhaustive questionnaire, divided into groups. A record of four answers, all of which must be either yes or no, automatically gives you a key-word ; that eventually, after more questions, is supposed, if you play fair, to show you up in your true colours. Not content with this considerable achievement, the authors also claim to be able to advise you on your problems and to give a glimpse into your future. The book is, in fact, an amusing and sophisticated blend of Freud and fortune-telling. It seems to me, however, to have missed the target. As a contribution to the study of the human mind it is negligible, and as a basis for a new parlour game it is far too long and complicated.

Lord Sempill off to Australia. He proposes to attack the record for the double journey and will use the Monospar "Croydon." Lord Sempill is one of the most senior as well as one of the most experienced British pilots

The King With His Air Force

HIS MAJESTY THE KING reaffirmed his faith in the air way as the modern method of cross-country travel when he inspected the Royal Air Force last week. The King's private 'plane is a Dragon Rapide, and he has his own aerodrome at Smith's Lawn, which has recently been enlarged, and his own hangar at Hendon, which is the base and service station for his aircraft. The Royal tour included visits to four of the best-known R.A.F. Stations, involving a total flight of 300 miles. At Northolt, where the King learned to fly, he saw fighter squadrons in action

A Royal Flying Review

By Charles Ward

and, by special request, the wonderful exhibition of formation flying by the Flight from No. 19 Squadron that was given at the R.A.F. Display. Northolt was opened in 1915, and after several squadrons had been mobilised there for overseas, it was used as a station for the defence of London against raids. Wittering was the next call. The C.F.S. occupied this station for ten years, and it is now the home of one of the new training schools under the Expansion Scheme. Mildenhall, famous as the starting point for the MacRobertson Trophy Race, is a very modern aerodrome. It was not in use for Service purposes until after the Race had been started in September 1934. The landing area is very extensive—probably as big as any other in the country. Last summer it was the scene of the first Royal Review of the R.A.F., before his late Majesty King George.

Aeroplanes and Armaments

THE Station of most interest during the tour was the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Martlesham Heath. This is one of the places not open to the public. It was formed in 1917 as a centre for testing new aircraft prior to their acceptance for production, and nowadays it tests all equipment, together with civil aircraft before the latter are granted Certificates of Airworthiness. The King made a detailed inspection of the new types, some of which were flown at Hendon for the Display. The Supermarine "Spitfire" and the Hawker "Hurricane," the 300-mile-an-hour "plus" fighters, were flown. Also the Bristol "Blenheim," far and away the fastest bomber that has ever taken the air. Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, K.C.B., received the King at Northolt and accompanied him and the Duke of York during the remainder of the tour by air. Both the King and his brother wore the new Service uniform—forage cap and slacks without "turn-ups." Flight-Lt. E. H. Fielden, the King's personal pilot, flew the Rapide, arriving at Northolt at 10.40 and landing finally at Hendon at 6 o'clock.

(*Concluded on page iv*)

because she used a
HALF WAY *Dentifrice*

Half way dental care is simply gambling with your teeth. Even in youth, soft, spongy gums are the warning of danger ahead—lost teeth, dental ruin.

There is no excuse for taking this chance. You *can* use a dentifrice that whitens your teeth and *Safeguards Your Gums* at the same time. Forhans for the Gums was perfected by a famous dental surgeon for this *Double* protection.

Why stop half way in caring for your teeth when Forhans does both jobs? Forhans for the Gums is different from all other tooth pastes. Notice how much better it makes your whole mouth feel right away. You'll soon *see* its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums.

Begin using Forhans for the Gums to-day.

The ORIGINAL DENTIFRICE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R.J. Forhan D.D.S. SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY

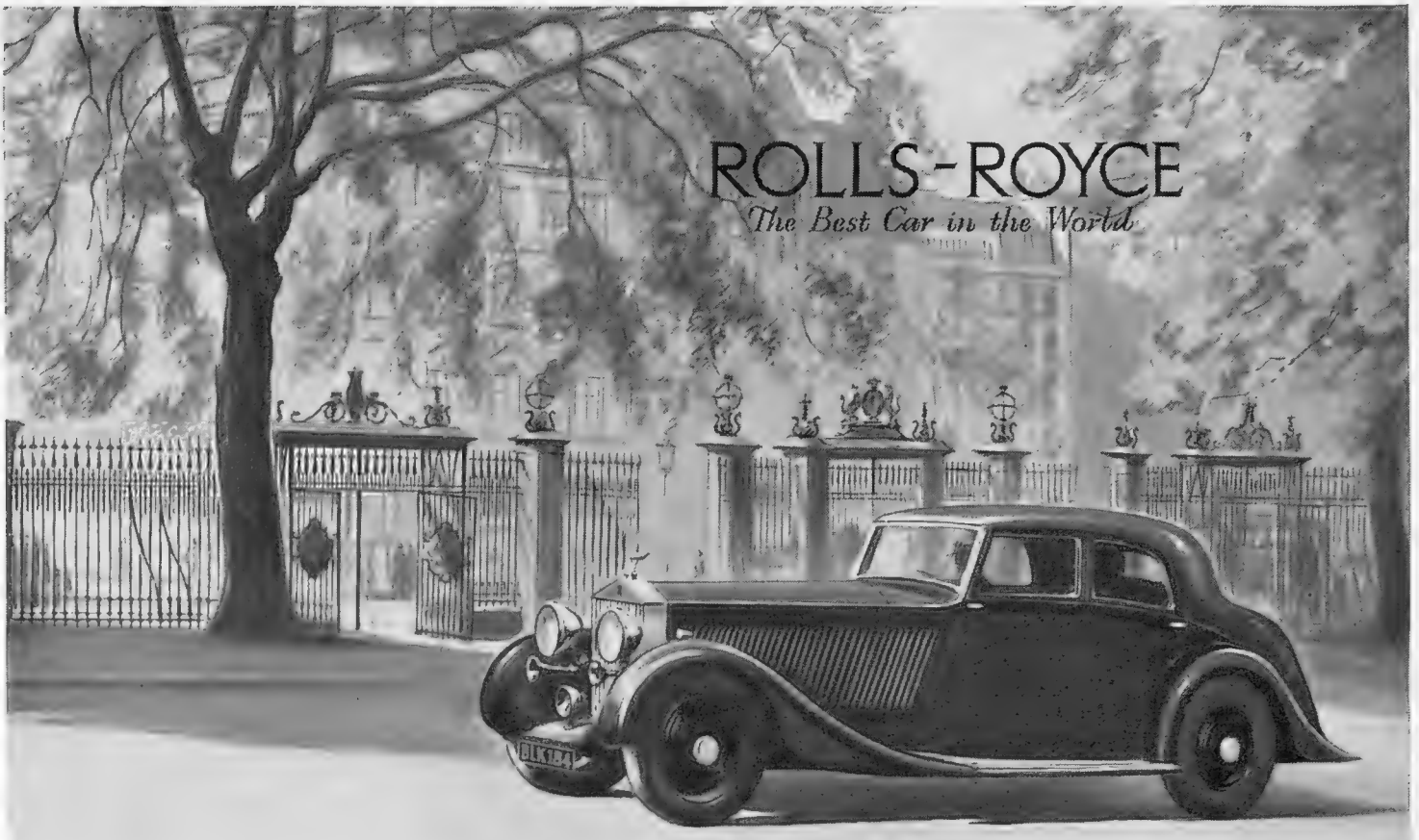
Forhans *for the Gums* DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

A Refreshing and Lasting Fragrance

● COOLS
● SOOTHES
● REFRESHES

LUCE'S
JERSEY
ESTD. 1837
EAU DE COLOGNE
PRICES from 1/6 to 7/6

LUCE'S FLORAL PERFUMES
JERSEY LILY
GARDENIA, Etc.
1/- 3/- 5/-



ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1 *MAYFAIR 6201*

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Choose Now—It will pay you!

Summer SALE of Furs

THE glorious New Models now being offered represent the finest possible value, because we actually make them in our own workrooms — all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated. Every garment carries a guarantee of reliability and perfect satisfaction and is marked at Reduced Summer Sale Price.

Fashionable
Two-skin double fur wrap in fine Canadian
Silver Fox
from exquisitely marked skins
Marvellous Value!
Reduced Sale Price
12 gns
per skin

SPECIAL SUMMER CATALOGUE gladly sent free on request

City Fur Store
64, ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4.
MAKERS OF FINE FURS

FOR THE MOORS

Here is an extremely attractive yet practical suit for the moors and country wear.

The model is in a smart lovat tweed, but it can be made to measure by our highly skilled craftsmen in a large variety of other materials, including those hard wearing Harris tweeds and Irish Homespuns.

Ready to wear - - 8½ gns.
Made to measure - 10 gns.
Coats from - - - 6 gns.

Please write for catalogue, patterns and self-measurement form.

Kenneth Durward LTD
37, CONDUIT STREET
BOND STREET
LONDON, W1

SPECIALISTS IN SPORTING WEAR

A Royal Flying Review

(*Continued from page* ii)

Flying-Boats for the Empire

It was a great sight at Rochester to see the first of the Empire flying-boats taking off. Some enterprising cameraman with a telephoto lens secured fine shots of the first test, which took place the day after the boat came out of the hangar. Captain Lankester Parker, the pilot who has put every "Short" boat through its trials, was enthusiastic. Not only was the take-off in the restricted waters of the Medway quite clean, but the boat handled magnificently in the air and had plenty of speed in hand. Descriptions of this modern liner have appeared before—it is intended to replace the existing aircraft on the Empire routes and to be operated by night as well as by day. Driven by four Bristol "Pegasus" engines of 900 horse-power each, it is easily the most powerful British civil 'plane. The get-away is assisted by means of de Havilland variable pitch airscrews. It may take some time before the "Canopus," the name of the prototype, is completely furnished and dispatched along an Imperial route. There are twenty-eight of these boats to follow, and therefore a great deal depends on the experience gained from the first-born. Flying people are always inclined to judge a 'plane from its lines. This boat looks right, both on the water and in the air. Short Brothers have a reputation for producing the right goods, and the latest product is no exception. One of those to follow will act as the "husband" to Major Mayo's Atlantic flyer. Each component will be flown separately, before the two spend a quiet week-end together, after which a separation will be arranged by mutual consent. This seemingly irregular procedure will be followed every time the lady wishes to fly the Atlantic, or any other vast sheet of water that is interposed between her and her objective.

Personalities in the Air: Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary of State, pilot and much-travelled flier, talking to Mr. Ralph Dundas, on the right, who is one of our younger owner-pilots

Notes from the Tarmac

The Deauville season has commenced and there is an air service from Croydon, operated by Captain Olley's concern, than which there is no more efficient private flying organisation in the country. Leaving Croydon Airport at 10.30, one is at Deauville at noon, and if necessary, in the Casino fifteen minutes later. The inducement to fly there is considerable. It is obviously so much quicker; it costs no more than £5 return during July, and £7 10s. in August, when traffic is heaviest; it is much more comfortable than by train - boat - train; finally, it enables people to go there who have limited time to spare. On Saturday, August 1st, the race for the Folkestone Trophy takes place at Lympne. It is run by the Cinque Ports Club, and is open to all types and nationalities. A very mixed "bag" is the result, and the party following is one of the most amusing informal functions of the flying season. Lord Sempill, whose photograph in the Monospar "Croydon" appears on page ii, has explained that his flight to Australia is a private venture. Officially, he is not out for a record, but there is very good reason to believe that he may get it. The 'plane is very fast; he and Major Anson's pilot are well suited in partnership to get the best result possible; further, the organisation for the flight has been particularly thorough.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM AND CYDER

Devon is as famous for its "clotted" cream as it is for its cyder. Whiteway's Cyder Co. Ltd. have a beautiful herd of Guernseys on their farm, which is run in conjunction with their cyder-apple orchards.

PORK AND APPLE SAUCE!!

This delightful photograph was taken in Whiteway's cyder-apple orchards at Whimple, where large numbers of pigs seem to enjoy "the shade of the old apple trees."

SCENES FROM

WHITEWAY'S

CYDER-APPLE ORCHARDS

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

When His Majesty the King, a practical Devon farmer, early last month visited Bradninch, Devon, where our Hele factory and orchards are situated, he remarked on the suitability of the soil in that district for growing cyder apples.

WHITEWAY'S DEVONSHIRE CYDER IN SCREW QUART FLAGONS IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL AND HEALTHFUL SUMMER BEVERAGE. IT IS UNIQUE IN ITS SOFTNESS AND FREEDOM FROM ACIDITY, AND IS OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—

MEDIUM-SWEET - 10½d.
Per Screw Quart Flagon.
(In local counties 10d. In Scotland and N. Ireland 1/-).

DRY (For Sufferers from Rheumatic Complaints) **1/-**
Per Screw Quart Flagon.

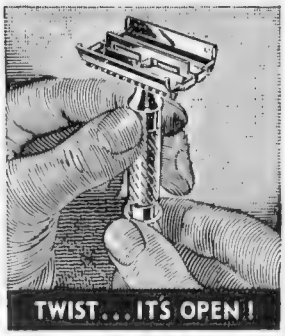
CYDRAX (Non-Alcoholic) **9d.**
Per Screw Quart Flagon.

Bottles Extra. Special Prices in Irish Free State.

ALL THE BEST PRODUCTS ARE ASKED FOR BY NAME—SO INSIST ON WHITEWAYS

The last word in razor design

THE GILLETTE *"one piece"* ARISTOCRAT



Day in, day out, the finest craftsmen in precision engineering work to save you precious time every morning. And they are succeeding. Recently they gave you the finest blade —the electrically-tempered Blue Gillette. Now they give you the finest razor—the Gillette "one-piece" Aristocrat.

See how quickly you can change the blade—how quickly you can clean it and replace it. A matter of seconds. Twist the handle—the head opens. Twist again—the head closes ready for perfect shaving. There are no loose parts, no separate parts, to assemble, and the whole razor is made to watchmakers' standards of accuracy.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Gillette "one-piece" Aristocrat to-day.

TRADE Gillette MARK

MADE IN ENGLAND

The Aristocrat "one-piece" Razor is also included in the Gillette Travelling de Luxe Sets No. 2 (silver-plated) 30/-, and No. 3 (gold-plated) 35/-.

Perfectly balanced, heavily silver-plated, equipped with a man-sized handle and packed in a handsome nickel-plated case with engine-turned lid, together with ten Blue Gillette Blades. **15/-**

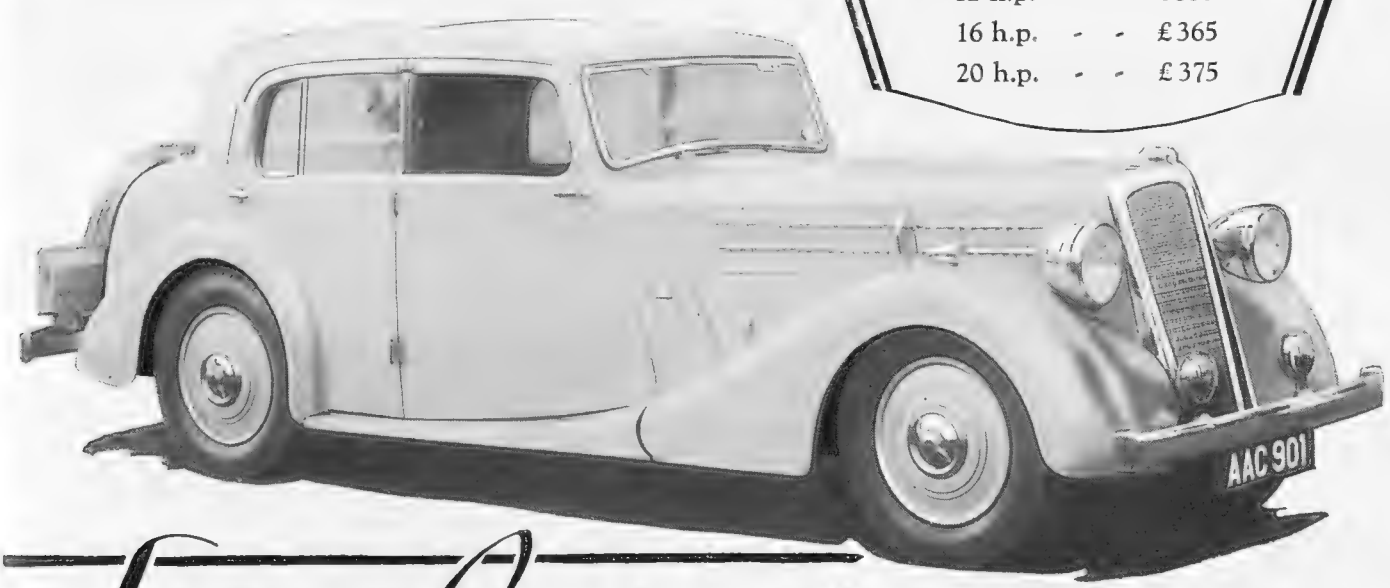
● Prices shown do not apply in I.F.S.

ON FLYING STANDARD CHASSIS

12 h.p. - - £335

16 h.p. - - £365

20 h.p. - - £375



Style in Coachwork by AVON

THE NEW AVON BODY Co LTD WARWICK ENG.

Visit

GERMANY

where the

£ buys more.

Covent Garden's Opera Season once more is ended. But the Opera lover need not wait until next year to hear again his favourite works. In Germany in every town of any size opera is given during eleven months out of every twelve.

Make a musical tour of Germany—the home of Handel, Bach and Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann and Schubert, of Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss. Hear Wagner's operas in Bayreuth, where much of his finest work was done, and Mozart's operas in Munich. Hear the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin and the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipzig As you travel through Germany you will find that every community has its own musical life.

But perhaps you do not want to "study" music when you are travelling for pleasure. You wish to have a holiday and enjoy yourself. Nevertheless, you will hear music everywhere—the zither playing in Bavaria, the accordions on the sea coast, and the sound of guitars and volkslieder wherever you encounter young people, while on the Rhine the whole landscape re-echoes to a single pæan of joy.

You will be astonished to find how cheaply you can travel in Germany, and how well you can live for a most reasonable charge. In all classes of hotels, in the pensions, and in the characteristic wayside inns you may be sure of a kindly and courteous welcome.

And when you come to leave Germany there is one custom of the country you will surely have adopted, you will not say "Good-bye," but, as your charming hosts invariably do, you will say "Auf Wiedersehen."

60% reduction in rail fares

Special Exchange Facilities

For information, advice and free descriptive literature apply to any travel agent, or to the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, S.W.1.

The Lucifer G. S. Annual Empire Meeting

K. W. Tribe (Tsingtao) and G. F. D. Slade (S. Africa), who played together over the Old Course at Walton Heath. The Lucifer Empire Overseas Meeting there attracted 350 entries from all the Dominions

G. E. Bennett and Sir John Abercrombie, two Anglo-Indians at the Lucifer Golfing Society Meeting, which was on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Only a third of the large entry qualified on Monday

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 119)*

struggle, with Australia as the favourites. If von Cramm is really fit he will probably beat Crawford and Quist, but Henkel, of Germany, may equally well lose both his singles matches, and then the issue would turn upon the doubles, where Australia are unquestionably stronger. As for the final, if Great Britain play Australia the way of it seems fairly clear. Perry is virtually certain to win his singles, and Austin then has only to win one of his for the necessary three victories. Even if the result does turn upon the doubles, we have Hughes and Tuckey to settle the matter.

It is odd to be able to write so confidently of British prospects in any sport, but that is the position, and very comforting I find it, after years of rather apologetic excuses.

And now what of the alleged offer of £10,000 to Perry to turn professional? If it is a firm offer I imagine he will have to think it over seriously. I must say that if I were Perry I should be inclined to accept it. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the distinctions between amateur and professional status.

As it is, Perry plays lawn tennis all the year round. He has had a fine innings as an amateur, and I see no practical reason why he should not now capitalise his skill. Actors take money for their performances, and we think none the less of them. Why, apart from sentimentality, should we blame Perry if he decides to join an American tennis circus? We might regret the loss to our Davis Cup team, but we cannot rely upon Perry for ever.

Another sport where preparation proceeds apace is rowing, with the Olympic Games in view, though here it is not possible to be so confident. Leander will represent us, and they should have improved by August, but there will be stiff opposition indeed. We saw at Henley the strength of Zurich, a magnificent crew, and the Berliner Ruderklub have been practising for some years now. I hear they are very formidable, and their incentive to great efforts in Berlin will be immense.

As a matter of fact, we learnt lessons at Henley which we cannot apply before the Games, though our coaches will have to pay attention to them immediately.

Foreign crews like Zurich and the Americans finished with real power, because they had slide left, and there is no doubt that we need to cultivate more length in the water. Another important point—we can well afford to study boat construction more comprehensively. There the Germans have us beaten, and quite obviously we may learn a great deal from the Japanese, if our sources of information are sound. I doubt, at any rate, whether we shall distinguish ourselves in Berlin, and when rowing fails us we are really slipping rather badly.

What's On (Continued from page D)

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 15TH.—Gentlemen v. Players, Lord's (three days). Newmarket Second July week (ends Thursday).

FRI., 17TH.—Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park; Amateur Scratch Golf Foursomes, Sandwich (three days).

SAT., 18TH.—Anniversary Cup, Sandown Park; Champion Cup polo final, Hurlingham; Subalterns' Gold Cup final, Ranelagh; Women's A.A.A. Championships, White City; Molesey amateur regatta; N.R.A. meeting ends, Bisley; Davis Cup inter-zone final, Wimbledon.

MON., 20TH.—Royal Navy v. Army, Lord's; King's Coronation Polo Cup begins (six days), Ranelagh; Military Handicap Challenge Cup, Roehampton begins (six days).

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The inimitable Beatrice Lillie has just come back to cabaret; Lew Stone's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—There 's a three-turn cabaret every evening; dancing to John Stevens's Keyboarders: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new dancers here are worth seeing; Syd Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folie Parisienne cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

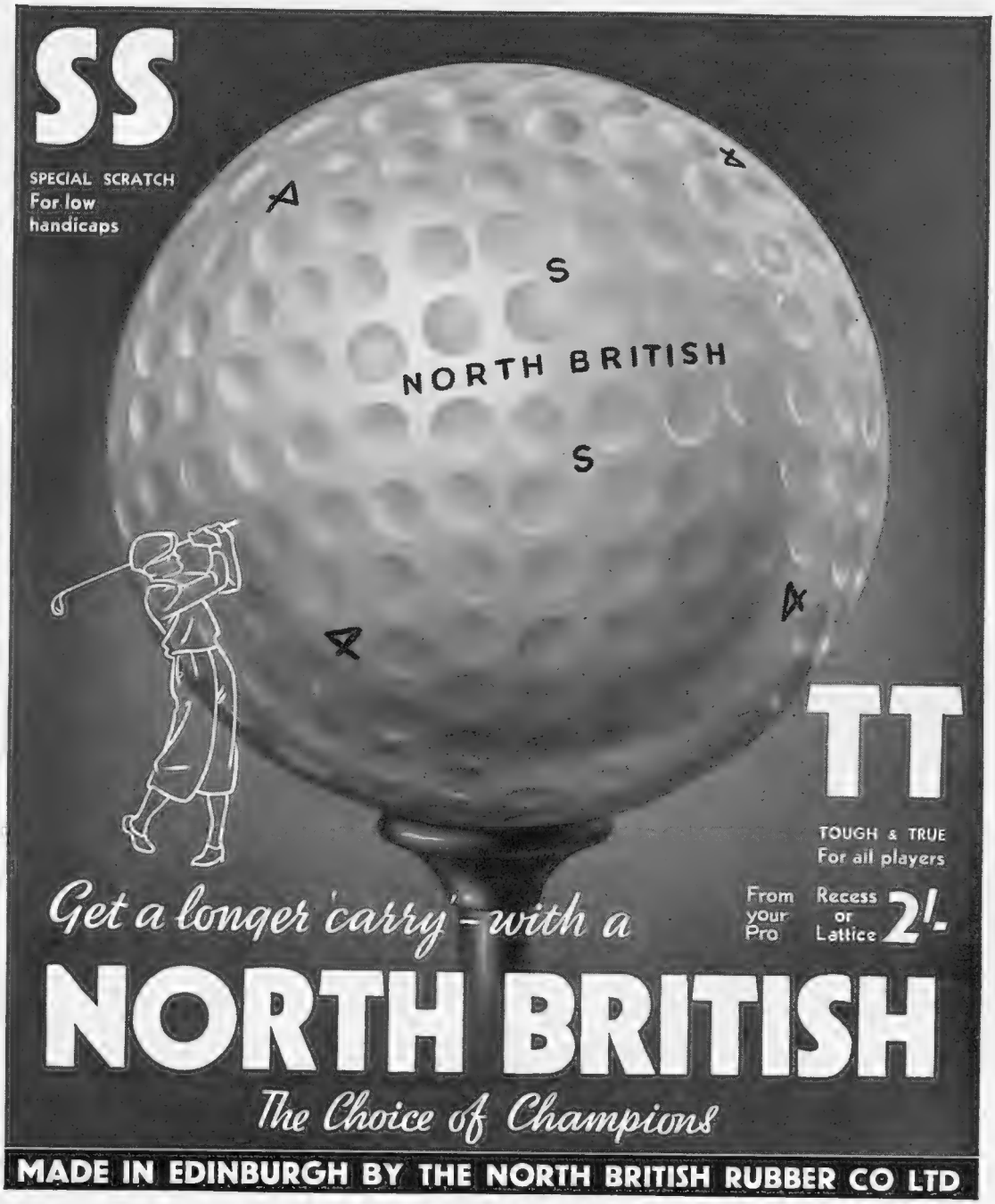
QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant is a way of saying that good cabaret alternates with dancing; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Dwight Fiske tells Fiskian sagas at midnight; Maurice Winnick's band extension, Wednesday

WANTED FOR CASH

Old gold, silver or jewels of any description (no dealers). Kirkby & Bunn, 44, Old Bond Street, W.1.



"And wild was the night when we came in sight of the Head of Old Kinsale"

"LANDFALL"

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.

has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) - £2 : 2 : 0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - £1 : 1 : 0

The size of the print is approximately 15 inches by 10 inches.

This picture of wild weather aboard a sailing-ship is an admirable companion to "RUGGED WEATHER," a tramp-steamer picture by the same artist.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1

Modern Aids to Beauty

Tattoo Mascara and Lipstick

"Hawaiian," the newest shade in Tattoo lipsticks, cannot fail to meet with approval, since it lends a transparent brilliance to pallid lips. For the eyes, there is Tattoo mascara, a waterproof cream which darkens the lashes and strengthens their growth

A Pair of Sparkling Eyes

EVERY woman seeks to enhance her charms by the use of subtle make-up, and if she be wise she will study her features carefully in the mirror before deciding the preparations to adopt. With fair colouring there is always the danger of appearing insipid, unless some dark or vivid touch is introduced. A new cream mascara called Tattoo has recently made its debut, and will prove a friend in need to people with golden eyelashes. It is packed in a tube, and applied with a special brush. A mere touch is all that is necessary to darken the lashes and make them long and silky. Needless to say, Tattoo mascara contains no dye and is guaranteed harmless. It is also completely waterproof, which is a great asset to bathing enthusiasts. Being a cream, it cannot dry the lashes or make them brittle, but colours each hair evenly from end to end. There are three colours, black, brown and blue, while the cost is 2s. 6d.

Tattoo Your Lips

ALL the world has heard of Tattoo lipstick, hitherto available in four lovely shades, but now a new colour has been added, known as Tattoo "Hawaiian." It has been described as "daring, dashing and devastating—the gorgeous red of the wild Hibiscus flower." There is no doubt of it meeting with great success, as it is brilliant and yet transparent. Like all Tattoo lipsticks, you put it on, let it set, and wipe it off, only the colour remains. It is indelible, and never turns purple, but protects the lips from getting chapped and dried. When applied, it should be smoothed in with the finger-tip so that no hard edges appear. The price is 4s. 6d., and it is sold practically everywhere.

Keeping Cool

NOTHING could be easier or more sure in its effects than "Perstik," the ideal freshener. It is like a solid cream in consistency, the shape and size of a lipstick, and is applied in the ordinary way. A good time to use it is in the morning before dressing, though many people carry a tube with them in their handbag. "Perstik" is guaranteed a harmless deodorant, and may be used several times a day if necessary. Incidentally, it is very economical, as one tube lasts a whole month and only costs 2s. 6d. The makers of this preparation have also created "Perstop," a liquid which need only be applied once a week. There is no plunger to manipulate, and therefore no danger of the contents spreading unnecessarily. "Perstop" dries quickly, and like "Perstik" is sold practically everywhere.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: June Monthly Medal Results

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last place.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons under handicap during the year, irrespective of which division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss M. Hood	Troon Burgh	80	16	64	76	12 below
Miss M. Hutcheson	Troon	80	13	67	76	9 "
Miss D. Turner	Stinchcombe Hill	75	9	66	73	7 "
Mrs. R. M. Martin	Kettering	76	10	66	73	7 "
Miss N. Jackson	Moseley	79	11	68	75	7 "
Mrs. R. H. Creasy	Exeter	77	9	68	74	6 "
Miss M. Fletcher	Erewash Valley	78	10	68	74	6 "
Miss Cole	Huyton	82	15	67	73	6 "
Mrs. E. A. Smith	Sudbury	84	16	68	74	6 "
Mrs. P. B. White	Heswell	84	17	67	73	6 "
Mrs. Gillard	West Kent	88	18	70	76	6 "
Miss Parker	La Moye	74	8	66	71	5 "
Miss M. Mulcaster	Prestbury and Upton	79	9	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Slater	Eltham Warren	82	13	69	74	5 "
Miss L. Woodrow	Stockport	82	14	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Franks	Alderley Edge	83	14	69	74	5 "
Mrs. L. Smith	Ladbrook Park	83	15	68	73	5 "
Miss Ackernley	Pannal	86	15	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Macfarlane	Cleveland	85	16	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Hardie	Blairgowrie	86	17	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Kennedy-Jones	Goodwood	84	17	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Wilman	West Bradford	83	17	66	71	5 "
Miss Stringer	Stockport	86	18	68	73	5 "
Miss Allan	Ranfurley Castle	91	18	73	78	5 "
Miss D. Pearson	St. George's Hill	71	scr.	71	75	4 "
Miss P. Doran	West Byfleet	75	4	71	75	4 "
Miss M. Bateman	Shirley Park	78	7	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Walker	Sale	77	8	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Pengelly	Leamington	77	9	68	72	4 "
Miss Caunt	Scarboro' South Cliff	80	10	70	74	4 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss F. Taylor	Davyhulme Park	97	34	63	76	13 below
Miss M. Hogg	Royal Musselburgh	92	27	65	77	12 "
Mrs. Baird	La Moye	93	34	59	71	12 "
Mrs. Macmeeken	Ashton-on-Mersey	83	20	63	74	11 "
Mrs. Purchase	Goodwood	83	22	61	72	11 "
Mrs. Eyles	Prestbury and Upton	95	31	64	75	11 "
Mrs. E. L. Evans	Buxton High Peak	98	36	62	73	11 "
Miss B. Tooms	Walmer and Kingsdown	99	36	63	74	11 "
Mrs. C. Baldwin	Longniddry	90	21	69	78	9 "
Mrs. H. King	Royal Blackheath	87	22	65	74	9 "
Miss P. Pratt	Willesley Park	87	22	65	74	9 "
Mrs. Rigley	Beeston Fields	89	24	65	74	9 "
Miss Fellowes	Leamington	89	24	65	74	9 "
Miss Farmer	Willesley Park	94	29	65	74	9 "
Miss O. Agar	Cleveland	95	30	65	74	9 "
Mrs. Hazelwood	Sutton Coldfield	99	33	66	75	9 "
Mrs. O. Cottam	Glen Gorse	99	36	63	72	9 "
Miss J. Meir	Kingsthorpe	101	36	65	74	9 "
Mrs. M. K. Foster	Brocton Hall	85	19	66	74	8 "
Mrs. C. Elce	Worsley	90	24	66	74	8 "
Miss Reynolds	Wallasey	91	24	67	75	8 "
Miss F. M. Peak	Stockport	91	26	65	73	8 "
Mrs. A. Gilligan	Goodwood	90	26	64	72	8 "
Miss E. Adams	Cleethorpes	92	28	64	72	8 "
Miss D. Proctor	Coventry	97	31	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Crawshaw	Leigh	97	34	63	71	8 "
Miss Coombes	Pollards Hill	98	35	63	71	8 "
Mrs. Harpham	Gorleston-on-Sea	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Moore	Walsall	103	35	68	76	8 "
Mrs. Russell West	Gorleston-on-Sea	102	36	66	74	8 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

PERSONAL

The widespread use of Listerine Brand Antiseptic adequately demonstrates the value placed upon it by discerning people.

This very potent germicide has medical authority to attest its safety and suitability for intimate personal hygiene. The regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash is advantageous both from the point of view of general health and social immaculacy. Fastidious women find it indispensable.

In a wider sphere of application Listerine Antiseptic is particularly helpful as a reliable and lenitive prophylactic for cuts, bruises and injuries of all kinds. It relieves sunburn and insect bites. It has a soothing effect on all inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is invaluable for all antiseptic requirements of personal hygiene. Get a bottle to-day and make its use a part of your daily routine.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC

Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

THERE is something, after all, in tradition. There is a whole world of difference between the hairdressing firms of mushroom growth, and those like Emile's which are founded on a lifetime of valuable experience, for instance, that comes from attending for over half a century to an exclusive clientele, a clientele composed of women who demand and can afford to pay for perfection in everything. You should become a client of Emile's yourself. 'Phone or write to-day for an appointment.

EMILE LTD.

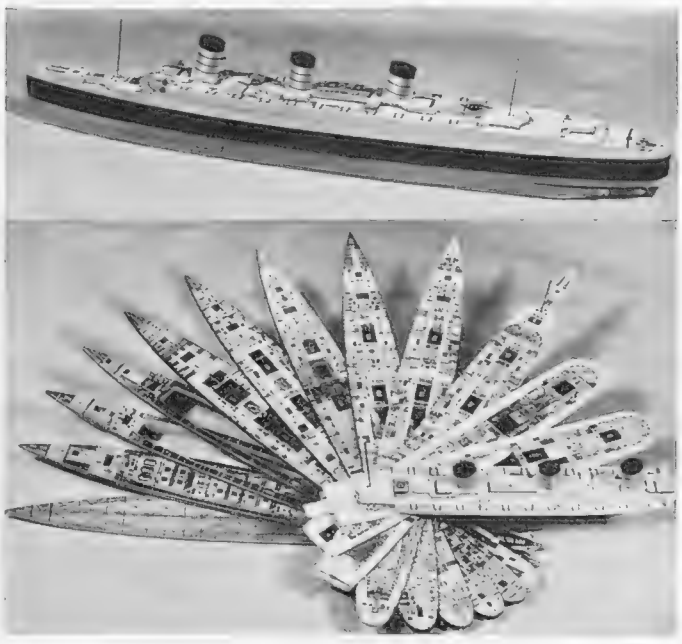
24/25, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). 'Grams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."

UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF

R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."



ALL 12 DECKS REMOVABLE, REVEALING EVERY ITEM OF THE SHIP'S WONDERFUL INTERIOR.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6.

Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra
Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to:

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD., (Dept. 3), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Helen Daly

Is engaged to Fitzgerald Villiers-Stuart, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Villiers-Stuart, of Kilbreach Tower, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Daly, of Ardnalee, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork

Pearl Freeman

Cuckoo Garnett

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. Claude Garnett and Mrs. Haskard, of Wyreside Park, near Lancaster; she is engaged to Patrick Parish, eldest son of the late Col. Francis Parish, and Mrs. Parish, of Greenham Barton, Taunton

Kay Vaughan

Diana Darwell

Diana Randall Darwell, the only child of Lt.-Col. Darwell, The Border Regt., Northern Ireland, and Mrs. Darwell, is engaged to Ronald Patrick Girdwood, elder son of Major-General Sir Eric Girdwood and the late Mrs. Girdwood

Peter North

Katherine Edgcumbe

Is engaged to Francis Campbell de la Poer Beresford-Peirse, R.A.F.; she is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. K. Edgcumbe, of Aldenham Grange, Hertfordshire

Lenare

Katharine Harvey

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Harvey, of Mount Hamilton, Auchingruive, Ayrshire; she is engaged to Ernest James Foote, only son of the late E. G. Foote and Mrs. Foote, of Pembury Court, Pembury, Kent

Bassano

Beryl Roberts

Is the younger daughter of the late Major and Mrs. H. Roberts, of Westow Croft, Whitewell, York; she is engaged to Mr. F. M. Woolmer, second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Woolmer, of Warfield Priory, Bracknell, Berks.

Lenare

Nancy Harvey

Announces her engagement to John Longley, only surviving son of Major.-Gen. Sir John and Lady Longley, of Fouracre, Hartley Wintney, Hants.; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay Harvey, of Dungells, Yateley, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Martha Johnston

Is the only daughter of the late William Johnston, of Donaghadee, Co. Down, and Mrs. Johnston, of Bedford; she is engaged to Denis O'Connor, younger son of Lt.-Col. Scott O'Connor and the late Mrs. O'Connor, of Downs Cottage, Longdean Avenue, Hove

Lenare

Diana de Hoghton

Is the daughter of the late Capt. Vere de Hoghton and Mrs. J. Eccles, of Halston, Oswestry, Salop.; she is engaged to Brian Doughty-Wylie, second son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger and Mrs. Reginald Astley, of The Milebrook, Bucknell, Salop.

Stuart

Freda James

Announces her engagement to Hereward Hammersley, of Hagley, Birmingham; she is the well-known tennis player, Women's Doubles Champion with Miss Stammers, and lives at 12, Magdalen Road, Nottingham

Pearl Freeman

Diana Courtenay Veysey

Is the eldest daughter of the late Harold Veysey and Mrs. Veysey, of Luckhurst House, Pluckley, Kent; she is engaged to Lieut. Alan Seale, R.N., son of the late A. Seale and Mrs. Seale, of Somerton, Torquay

Bassano

Patricia Doyne

Is engaged to Launcelot Smith, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, of Loughbrow, Hexham, Northumberland; she is the elder daughter of the late Major Doyne and Mrs. Doyne, of Buckfast, Devon

Robertson — Hawley

Robert Affleck Robertson, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. Affleck Robertson, of New South Wales, Australia, and Sylvia Hawley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hawley, of 4, Down Street, W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Llewellyn — Hibbert

Lieut.-Commander L. S. E. Llewellyn, eldest son of the late Captain Llewellyn and Mrs. Llewellyn, and Violet Hibbert, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Washington Hibbert, of Sevenacres, Binfield, Berks., were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Hague — Johnson

Arnold Hague, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Hague, of Haslemere, Surrey, and Dorothy Johnson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson, of Hale, Cheshire, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Clay — Kirby

Eric Vernon Clay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Clay, of Bowden, Cheshire, and Josephine Kirby, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kirby, of Hallwood, Neston, Cheshire, were married in the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral

Talbot — Mattei

At Brompton Oratory, Lieut.-Commander Roger Talbot, R.N., only son of Colonel and Mrs. Talbot, of The Oaks, Balcombe, Sussex, married Teresa Mattei, elder daughter of the late Marchese Mattei and Teresa Marchesa Mattei, of Capua Palace, Malta

Parsons — Neave

At St. Peter's, Southweald, Captain Frederick Parsons, only son of the late Colonel Parsons and Mrs. Parsons, married Dorina Neave, elder daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Neave, of Dagnam Park, Romford, Essex

Robson — Fleming

Thomas Burton Robson, of 62, Cleveland Square, W.2, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robson, and Roberta Fleming, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Archibald Fleming, of 12, Beaufort Gardens, S.W.3, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street, by the bride's father

Royden — Coward

John Royden, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Royden, of Hill Bark, Frankby, Wirral, Cheshire, and Dolores Coward, elder daughter of the late C. J. G. Coward and Mrs. W. E. McLelland, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Bicknell — Scott Henderson

Peter Bicknell, eldest son of the late Raymond Bicknell and Mrs. Bicknell, of Westfield Grove, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mary Scott Henderson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Henderson, of The Grange, Walton-on-the-Hill, were married at Chelsea Old Church

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 15 — July 21

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—The Capek brothers' insect characters cast succinct and satirical reflections on their betters (?), the humans; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Andrew Leigh, Thea Holme, and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Fri., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Popular open-air piece finishes tomorrow; Baliol Holloway is Caliban, Leslie French is Ariel—also Gyles Isham, Ion Swinley, and Valentine Rooke: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30.

THE VISITOR.—Louis Borell and Greer Garson are the young leads of this play about youthful disillusionment; and do more than justice to its worn plot: Daly's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Lew Leslie's riot of colour: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Revival of the romantic musical has Barry Sinclair and Muriel Barron to lead: Coliseum, 6.25 and 9.

NO, NO, NANETTE!—Another revival: this favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 78.—The "Old Ladies" come back with Tom Walden as Stanley West's partner; Ken Douglas is principal comedian, and the ballet is a milkmaid one; good fun for all: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic inter-actions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri. 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Quick revival of Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller, with Esmond Knight in his part; also Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer: Cambridge, 8.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

SPRING TIDE.—Arthur Sinclair returns to London in the part of a privileged boarding-house guest; Louise Hampton is the landlady; also Patricia Burke: Duchess, to-night, 15th.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Margaretta Scott as Rosalind, Gyles Isham as Orlando, Baliol Holloway as Jacques and Leslie French as Touchstone: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, Thurs., 16th.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Most popular of open-air plays, with Leslie French as Puck: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, Tues., 21st.

CINEMAS

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES.—Madeleine Carroll is Mrs. Ames, fighting a series of peppy court cases, but when a lawyer (George Brent) falls in love with her, all goes well; good suspense: Carlton.

JANOSIK.—Is described as a romantic thriller; about the eighteenth-century Czecho-Slovakian Robin Hood. Palo Bielik acts him, and the "Maid Margaret" is Zlata Hajdukova: Academy.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—A British film with Otto Kruger, Leonora Corbett, Aileen Marson and Hartley Power; dramatic behind-the-scenes of the medical profession: Regal.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON.—Francis Lederer is the gallant Austrian hero of this humorous Hollywood musical set in Paris. Ida Lupino is his sweet opposite: London Pavilion.

THE PHANTOM GONDOLA.—Nothing out of the way to worry you in this French thriller, which runs from Venice viâ Rome to Constantinople, with Marceile Chantal and Henri Rollan on board: Curzon.

POPPY.—A. W. C. Fields film, with the great humorist as a wandering "perfessor" selling medicine at fairs; Rochelle Hudson is his pretty ward, and Richard Cromwell turns up to supply the love: Plaza.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Music is incidental in this tough film of the Barbary Coast, with Jeannette MacDonald to sing it, Clark Gable opposite and Spencer Tracy as the "people's priest"; an earthquake also takes part: Empire (from Friday).

SECRET INTERLUDE.—Robert Taylor and Loretta Young are together for the first time in this romantic story with a butler for a villain: Tivoli.

SHOW BOAT.—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR.—Paul Muni does full justice to the fine part written for him in this new-departure film where character and acting come before plot and dialogue: New Gallery.

SUICIDE CLUB.—Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russel's quick-acting, romantic and rather weird film ends on Friday—at the Empire.

BALLET

BLUM-FOKINE BALLET.—The season is prolonged until next Saturday; Michael Fokine in his own creations, with a strong cast and corps, including Woizikovsky, Vilzak, and Eglevsky: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Massine is the maître and premier, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE DOLMETSCH FESTIVAL.—Chamber music; instruments old and new displayed or played by the talented family: Haslemere, Surrey, Mon., 20th (for two weeks).

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND PARTIES

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9-7.

SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART.—Royal Institute Galleries.

BRITISH EMPIRE UNION GARDEN PARTY.—The Elms, Spaniard's Road, Hampstead: To-day, 15th.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.—The King presents new colours to six battalions of the Foot Guards: Horse Guards Parade, Thurs., 16th.

(*Continued on page* vii)

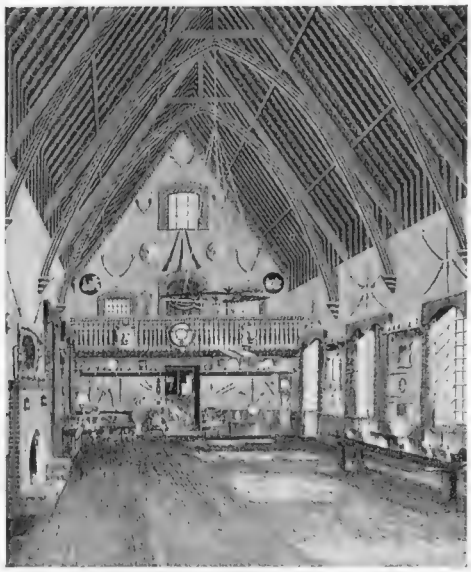
YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and
Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Let's Get Out of London

Out-of-Town Restaurants and Rendez-vous

By Ashley Courtenay



Hautboy Hotel, Ockham

The baronial-looking dining-hall of the Hautboy Hotel is one of its features

WHETHER this English summer of ours goes down in history labelled "Fine," "Wet," or in even more pungent language, one can prophesy without being specially versed on weather lore, that there *will* be spells of hot weather when we shall all be saying or thinking "For goodness sake let's get out of London."

So it is well—like all good scouts—to be prepared, because the decision to get out of London is usually made on the impulse of the moment, and if no plans are laid, one either does not get started at all, or one finds oneself at a-place-too-dreadful-for-words and wishes to goodness that one had stayed in town.

Whether it is for an evening out or a week-end, there is a bewilderment of choice these days. The country pub is coming more and more into the hands of those who appreciate the niceties of life. There are swimming-pools, where one can bathe without risk of an after "throat" . . . or even worse, and there are country clubs which are clubs in the proper sense, i.e., where a genuine proposer and seconder are a necessary preliminary to paying one's entrance fee.

So here is a selection of places, each of which I can personally vouch for. They are all favourites of mine; at any one of them you can always be certain of good food, and joyous surroundings. Visit them as I have done, when time permits and the mood dictates, and if they do not come up to expectation you had better shoot me—not the chef, just in case it happened to be his night off!

Hautboy Hotel, Ockham

IF good food is one of your ambitions, I should say that the Hautboy is one of the best gastronomic objectives on the Portsmouth Road.

On your way in to dinner, Madame—who, like all the best French wives, takes a very detailed interest in the cooking—will call out (if you are lucky), "Monsieur, vous aimez l'estragon?" Then will follow a dinner to tempt the most gluttonous Burgundian; and being a diviner of good wine in the cellar, you will order a truly noble claret to justify it. The dining-room, with its carved minstrel gallery, is delightfully unique.

The hotel is situated in its own grounds of twelve acres, with a charming old-world garden. It is pervaded by that genial "bonhomie" which is peculiar to places where lovers of good food, good wine and conversation gather, together, where a most versatile and generous mine host will discourse on anything from Plato to politics, or the merits of the Japanese crew to those of a good salad.

So if you are tired of "beating along" at 80 miles an hour, just follow the boards to the Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, and relax in the calm appreciation of the more permanent values of life!

The Ace of Spades

BUT if it is a question of somewhere nearer at hand, what a strategic spot is the Ace of Spades. Easily got at down the Kingston by-pass, it provides a multiplicity of things to do by day and night.

Its latest stunt, and a very useful and practical "stunt" at that, is a riding school—with jumps on "Weedon" lines; opportunities for getting one's eye in at polo. Then, after a game or an hour's hack, there is the swimming-pool, and to complete the "round" the certainty of an excellent meal and a dance.

The Ace of Spades, with its two ball-rooms and its restaurant—fully licensed until 11.30 p.m.—is the doyen of road-houses. Others may come, but the Ace of Spades goes, and grows, from strength to strength.

'Twixt sea . . . . . and "Town"

Only 39 miles from London . . . 45 minutes by Electric train . . . 14 miles from Brighton . . . 28 from Eastbourne . . . the Birch Hotel, 400 feet up. In the gardens are tennis courts . . . a swimming-pool . . . and golf is but a mile away. And inside . . . a country-house oak-panelled lounge . . . a panelled billiard-room . . . a dining-room, where a keen appreciation of good food and wine will be well satisfied . . . Upstairs, 22 bedrooms . . . with hot and cold water, telephones, most yielding mattresses, large cupboard space . . . Throughout, in short, all that you expect in a very first-class hotel, and a great deal more.

The Birch Hotel

Haywards Heath
Sussex

'Phone: Haywards Heath 670

SANTA MONICA
COUNTRY CLUB
WRAYSBURY, BUCKS

Telephone
WRAYSBURY 240-241

Every Afternoon and Evening
THE SANTA MONICA COUNTRY CLUB BAND

FOR THE BUSINESS MAN
Santa Monica is a haven of sport, rest and relaxation. Leaving his Office in the late afternoon, he can be dining in the Club within an hour. His table for dinner or his Tennis Court can be booked over the telephone. He leaves his worries behind and relaxes in perfect comfort and privacy. He soon finds Santa Monica a necessity.

Telephone or write to the Secretary for Invitation.

HOW TO GET TO SANTA MONICA BY CAR, TRAIN OR COACH

BY ROAD. Leaving London either by way of Piccadilly or Marble Arch, make straight for Chiswick and the Great West Road. Carry straight on until you reach the A.A. patrol at the junction of the Staines Road and Slough Road at Harlington, bear left on the Staines Road to Staines, and bearing right in Staines just before Staines Bridge, Santa Monica is only about a mile and a half on the Staines-Wraysbury Road.

BY TRAIN. Trains run from Waterloo to Wraysbury every half-an-hour.

BY COACH. Two Coach routes are available, London-Staines and London-Wraysbury from Marble Arch. The earliest bus to is 8.15 a.m. and the latest leaves at 10.12 p.m. In addition the following routes (Staines-Wraysbury) are available, Nos. 462, 222 and 224.

The Ace of Spades

You can see the screens of the bathing-pool from the Kingston by-pass, but it's nicer inside

The Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath

ON the Brighton road is another worth-while objective. One day, when you get as far as Horley, turn off through Balcombe to Haywards Heath, and just on the other side, on the Lewes road, is an hotel well worth noting—the Birch.

Some eighteen months ago it was purchased by Commander Harris, who spent much money putting the finishing touches on to what was already an attractive hotel. To-day it is so good that knowledgeable motorists Brightonwards bound go out of their way, viâ the Birch, for a meal and a swim.

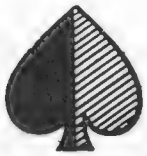
The swimming-pool is not open to the general public, but anyone who looks respectable, as, of course, all BYSTANDER readers do, will have no difficulty in getting a swimming pass from Commander Harris. It is very picturesque, with the latest and most improved type of filtration. On summer days you can have tea there, and this is one of the best ways of spending a "P.S.A."—which, in case you have forgotten, is a "pleasant Sunday afternoon"! One tip, though—don't think you can blow into the Birch for the "odd spot"; the Birch is licensed, but only for meals (although, of course, a sandwich is a meal by law). I know Commander Harris would rather I told you this beforehand, for he suffers from remorse at times when having to refuse people he would like to welcome, and from indignation at other times, when the type arrive who demand drinks and are offensive when politely turned down.

Swift's Club, Moor Park, Farnham

ALTHOUGH Mr. Ford said that history was "bunk," there is nothing like the past to give a cachet to the present. Swift's is a country club (off the Farnham-Elstead Road) in a really lovely valley, pregnant with historic and romantic associations. For it was here that Dean Swift worked for many years of his life; as also Scott on the Waverley novels.

The house is an early eighteenth-century country house (although the first mention of a building on the site goes

The Birch Hotel at Haywards Heath—if you are "to or from" Brighton, look in there for a meal and a swim



. . . you can
DINE there . . .
DANCE there . . .
RIDE there . . .
and
SWIM there . . .
and it's
OPEN ALL NIGHT

Let's go!

KINGSTON BY-PASS
ELMBRIDGE 4444

A NEW PLACE TO GO

For an hour, a day, a week-end or a year.

Riding, hunting, tennis, squash, swimming, dancing.

SWIFT'S CLUB
MOOR PARK, FARNHAM

House and garden, three centuries old, standing in glorious woods, with Hindhead, Godalming, Guildford, Aldershot and Ascot all within a few miles.

✱ *Dean Swift lived here while writing "Gulliver's Travels"*

INTELLIGENT CUISINE
CONNOISSEUR'S WINE CELLAR

SWIFT'S CLUB
MOOR PARK, FARNHAM

Telephone:
FARNHAM 1110 and 1120

back to 1630); in front, a magnificent cedar on a large lawn, leading down to a trout stream . . . and behind, a minor wooded precipice.

Four first-class bitumen tennis courts give the walled garden a new raison d'être; Moor Park riding stables are adjacent; a swimming-pool adorns the lawn, golf, squash,

Swift's Club, Farnham

This lovely old Surrey country house is now a country club, with riding, golf, tennis metaphorically at the front door

clay-pigeon shooting, bridge, billiards and dancing are also on the menu.

Within . . . a fine old country house, modernised with the maximum of comfort and good taste, and a bar which serves everything alcoholic, from the humble prairie oyster to a triumphant brandy smash. A large dining-room and lounge as comforting as its kitchens and its cellar . . . and most important of all, a very charming host and hostess (late of India).

In fact, they cater for mind, body and soul, and can put up twenty very fortunate people.

Hotel de Paris, Bray

I AM not spreading the gospel . . . for everybody knows that the Hotel de Paris is one of the "crack" hotel-restaurants on the river. The notice board announces comfort, service and atmosphere, but that is not all. True, there is a feeling of the Savoy, due no doubt, to Charles, its proprietor, late of the Savoy and the Berkeley. But there is more . . . a very lovely situation, with lawns running down to the river . . . all bedrooms with private bath-rooms and every luxury. Dancing under the spreading chestnut, white-coated waiters solicitous over the crisp curl of the methylated flame . . . a menu worthy of Hestia herself, a head-waiter who translates the bill impromptu into dollars, a wine list which takes years off you! So let me recommend again a quick run down to Bray, after a day in the City, a bathe in the river . . . and salmon for dinner which pretends it has just jumped out of the river—fresh as the dawn. Charles supervises over all—and his pet spaniel over Charles!

Visit G. TRAPANI at

Ye Olde Bell Hotel

HURLEY

NEAR MAIDENHEAD, BERKS

The oldest Inn in England (A.D. 1135), where a West End Dinner can be enjoyed in the most marvellous surroundings of the Hotel garden.

Telephone Hurley 26 or Marlow 399 and express your wishes, and TRAPANI *will personally supervise them.*

HOTEL de PARIS

BRAY-ON-THAMES

An incomparable week-end retreat from town. Luxurious bedrooms (private bathrooms)—perfect food—tennis—dancing—and, of course, a licence. What more does anyone need?

THE HAUTBOY HOTEL

OCKHAM—RIPLEY—SURREY

LUNCHEONS—TEAS—DINNERS

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS

"VISIT THE SMUGGLERS' DEN"

Best Cocktails on the Portsmouth Road

21 miles from London

Telephone: Ripley 20 Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Adams

ye olde king's head hotel HORSHAM

"And now ye wayfarer, on ye shanks's pony, or driver of ye anciente chariot, I bid ye repaire to Ye Olde King's Head Hotel at Horsham, which, from ye recordes, is a Public Inne in the Year of Our Lord 1401. BUNG!..."

The food and wines served to the modern wayfarer by Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. McCormac will show him that here, at least, is one hotel with all that is finest and best of the innkeeper's craft to beguile him and prolong his stay.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Hotel de Paris Waterfront

Cross-river view of a week-end or summer evening inspiration — the Hotel de Paris at Bray, where there's good food, dancing, the river, and a lovely garden

saying what I am writing now. . . . "Go out of your way if need be for a meal at Ye Olde King's Head at Horsham."

Santa Monica Country Club

And finally I must introduce you to my latest discovery, the last word in country clubs, with a Spanish-American atmosphere, as its name implies—the Santa Monica Club off the Staines-Wraysbury road.

Only recently opened, it bids fair to cause quite a flutter, not only on the banks of old Father Thames, but as far afield as Mayfair. Eighteen miles from the West End, the Santa Monica—for a week-end or an evening's relaxation—is already a source of conversation at the smarter cocktail-parties. The furniture is *the* very latest in comfort and design. The swimming-pool (almost completed) will be *the* very finest. The dances will be *the* most perfect. In short, it looks like being *the* place to go to this season.

The Olde Bell, Hurley

And when you are again in the Maidenhead neighbourhood, you should obey the road-sign boards which bid you visit Trapani and his famous old hostelry, The Olde Bell at Hurley, which dates back to 1135, when travellers rode horseback, and poor people walked.

It is fitting that Trapani and other well-known restaurateurs should transport their gifts for cuisine and service to these delightful country haunts, for what could be better than driving leisurely townwards in the cool of a summer's evening after a menu which comprised such dishes as Truite Saumanée Reine Marie . . . Suprême de Poussin . . . Fraises Romanoff . . . with the accompaniment of Berncastler Berg 1921, a bottle of Moët and Bisquit du Bouche 1884 ?

Santa Monica, a Middlesex Country Club

Here is one more country house that has taken a new lease of life as a country club, as all big houses within twenty-five miles of London will have to in time. It is the Santa Monica, near Staines, and it has only been open a short time

The Olde Bell, Hurley

Is one of the old coaching inns of England that's rediscovered its former glories, but with the modern hotelier's technique thrown in

Ye Olde King's Head, Horsham

Next time you are going coastwards, whether it be to Worthing or Brighton, make a very special note to visit the Olde King's Head, for there you will now get a lunch or dinner that you will afterwards label as one of the best you have ever had.

Recently this ancient hostelry came under new ownership, and such are the changes for the good which have taken place, that I feel in future we must always speak of Ye Olde King's Head as "well groomed"! Mr. and Mrs. McCormac certainly know "what's what" in furnishings, whether it be of the rooms or the "inner man." Room by room they are carrying out a plan of renovation. Already they must have spent a fortune on new mattresses, linen and carpets. And all the while they have been improving below and behind stairs, conscious of the fact that, having brought their catering to a high standard of excellence, it will not be long before you will be

The Olde King's Head, Horsham

Another coaching inn (hence the "e" in Olde) which meets the new road traveller's demand for food and wine and comfort to match the quality of his motor-car

"The only thing that does me good"

VAPEX
INHALANT

For Colds

"Vapex is the only thing that has ever done me good . . . If I get a cold I at once take a few drops on my hanky and in a few hours I am fit and well again. I tell all my friends about it and they come back and thank me . . . They say the same as I do; they have tried everything but find Vapex is the very best"
R. L., Hackney, E.9.

Try Vapex for yourself and you will never be without it again. The relief it gives is marvellous. It clears the head and quickly breaks up the most stuffy cold.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.146 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

No better pipe is made . . .
Smoked by Connoisseurs the World over

NEW ERA (De Luxe finish) 12/6
XTRA (Natural) 10/6
NEW STANDARD (Natural) 7/6
STANDARD (Rich Ruby finish) 7/6

London Made
Write for Booklet of Shapes to Dept. B.
OPPENHEIMER PIPES, LTD., 38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2.

SEA SICKNESS
Quick Relief
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

£30 to £5000 lent
Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.
Write:
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD., 4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

By Appointment

"Bags of Room"

During our discussion at the Club, as to what luggage to take on our proposed Dutch cruise in John Graham's yacht, who should walk in but J. G. himself. "If you take my advice" said he, "you will bring a Revelation each—then you'll have bags of room.

"It's grand to feel that you can expand your suitcase to the size you want and still have reserve space for the souvenirs and things your wife is bound to pick up ashore."

"Why—of course!" exclaimed Field-Porter, "that's what they must mean by . . . . . ."

(*all in chorus*) "A Revelation never lets you down!"

REVELATION

EXPANDS
to hold MORE
MORE
and MORE

This 24-inch model is made in selected Cow-hide, with best Chromium-plated locks and fittings **£5-10-0**

All standard models in Vulcanised Fibre or Leather are
GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.
Thirty-five models: Leather, 75/- to £8-8-0; Rawhide, from £5-12-6; Vulcanised Fibre, from 37/6; Compressed Fibre, from 10/- to 35/-.

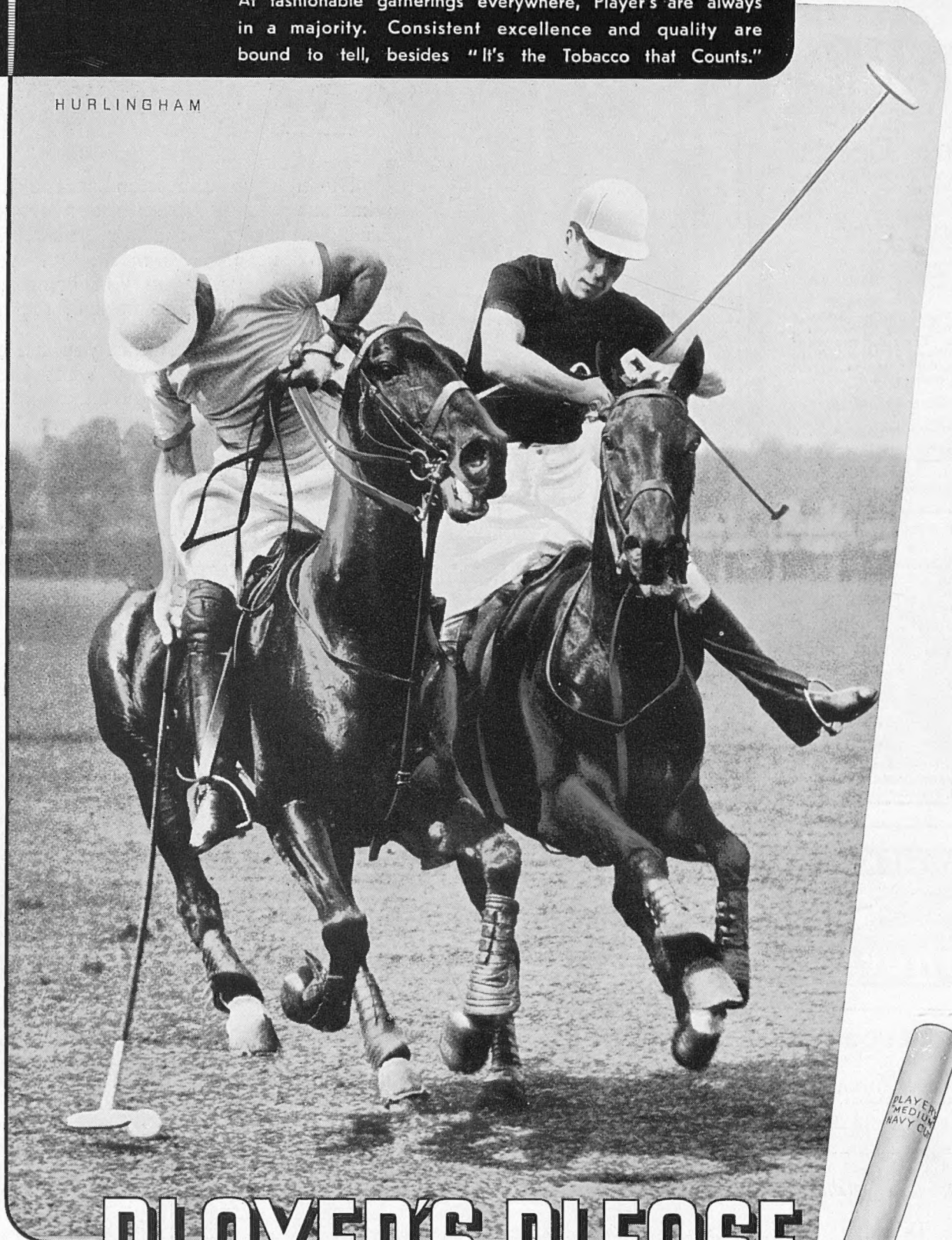
AT ALL STORES AND LUGGAGE DEALERS and
REVELATION SUITCASE CO., LTD., 170 PICCADILLY
LONDON, W.1
(Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

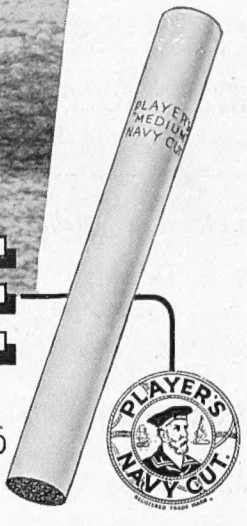
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
Rendells
APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

tennis throat?...
Relax the membranes and keep the voice clear and resonant
Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

AT ALL EVENTS . . .

At fashionable gatherings everywhere, Player's are always in a majority. Consistent excellence and quality are bound to tell, besides "It's the Tobacco that Counts."





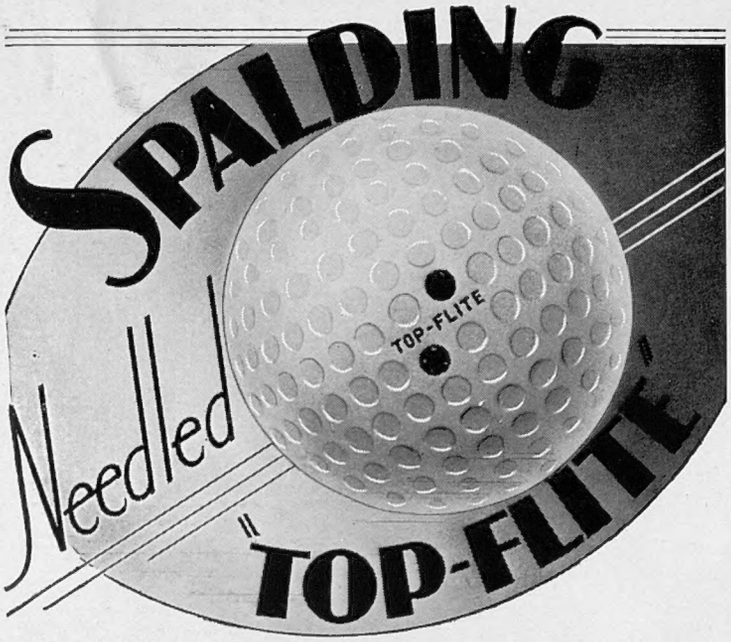
PLAYER'S PLEASE

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 10 for 6° 20 for 11½° 50 for 2/5

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.G. 342



The Ball for every Golfer

2/- each Mesh or Dimple

We make no extravagant claims for this ball. All we ask is that you give it a trial. We shall be perfectly satisfied *and so will you.*

"Needled" for Power and Perfect Control from Tee to Green.

From all Professionals and Sports Dealers.

327

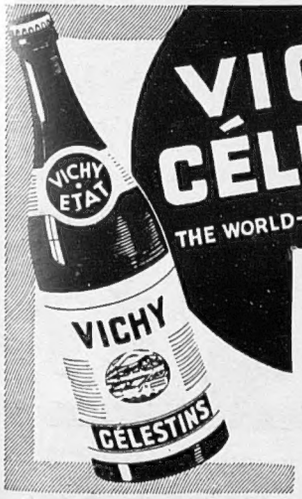
LUCERNE SWITZERLAND

THE **SCHWEIZERHOF**

FOR COMFORT AND SERVICE

Inclusive Terms from One Guinea

GOLF—18 HOLES FAMILY O. HAUSER, Proprs.



VICHY-CÉLESTINS

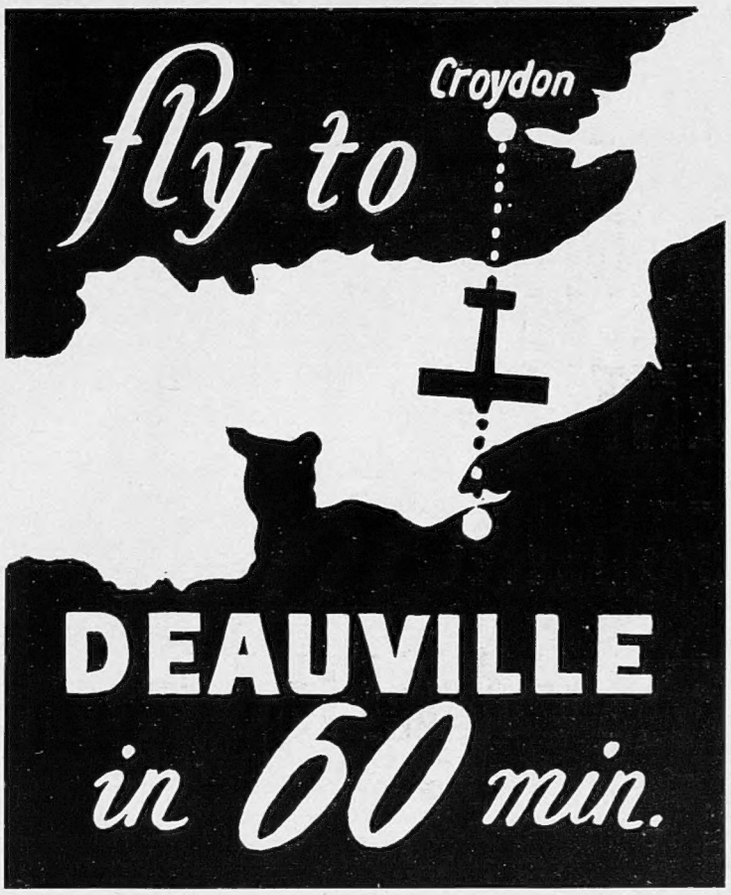
THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.



OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.

Air Port of London, Croydon

Telephone : Croydon 5117/8

Horseferry House .. 9.45 a.m. Croydon Air Port .. 10.30 a.m.
Additional Week-end Departures

AMSTERDAM—ROTTERDAM—DEAUVILLE, via CROYDON

NORMANDY HOTEL + HOTEL DU GOLF
ROYAL HOTEL

F. André, Managing Director. *Same management in Winter at Casino Municipal, Cannes*

The Southern Railway offers special express service via Southampton and Havre

MAKE DEAUVILLE YOUR PLAYGROUND THIS SUMMER

See the GRAND PRIX DE L'AERO CLUB DE FRANCE Coupe Armand Esders (Deauville—Cannes—Deauville) on July 25th and 26th; play golf on the two golf links (the New Golf course is one of the finest in Europe). From August 1st to 15th Suzanne Lenglen, the tennis star, will give exhibitions and lessons. Regattas — sun-bathing — sea-bathing. POLO. HORSE-SHOW. GALAS at the Restaurant AMBASSADEURS, organised by Domergue, Colin, Don, etc. The three best dance music conductors in France: Richard Blareau, Maurice Toubas, Eddie Foy. 33 days of HORSE RACES, on 2 courses, 5,000,000 francs in prizes; on Aug. 23, GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE.

ROULETTE—TRENTE ET QUARANTE—
BANQUE OUVERTE

DEAUVILLE

THERE ISN'T A MORE ENTER-TAINING MAGAZINE

★ THESE MAKE EXCELLENT READING

★ THE KING'S AMBASSADORS : *by George Slocombe*
★ THE DAVIS CUP : *by Howard Jones*
★ "NOT ON THE RECORDS" : *by Charles Roy Cox*
DEAD SHIPS HAVE SECOND LIVES : *by Vincent Brome*
"THE PERFECT EUGENIC STATE" : *by Halliday Sutherland*
★ "HUSH! THE SECRET SERVICE" : *by Valentine Williams*
★ "WEDDING GUEST" : *by Kathleen Wallace*
SOMETHING OLD SOMETHING NEW : *by Winifred Lewis*
WHERE THE MONEY GOES— Furnishing the Home.
★ OLD TALES RE-TOLD. The Queen of Sheba : *Written & Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY : *by "Chrysis"*
THE NEW TALENT OF SCREENLAND : *by Margaret Chute*
"OLD-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-SON" : *by James Francis Dwyer*
"DRESS CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN" : *by Hannen Swaffer*
"THE RETURN OF PETER MANNING" : *by Sewell Stokes*
BOOKS : *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
AIR CONDITIONING : *by Joan Woollcombe*
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW : *by Mary Young*
★ HOW TO LOSE A MAN : *by Cecilie Leslie*
LIVING IN THE GARDEN : *Garden Furniture*
REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS : *by Len Chaloner*
SUMMER WOOLLY : *a combined crochet & knitting pattern*
EASIER COOKING : *by A. H. Adair*
★ MID-SEASON FASHIONS : *by Jean Burnup*
FLOWERS : *by Vere Denning*
SUMMER DRINKS : *by A. H. Adair*
WE CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND...
★ MOTORING SECTION : *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*
MODERN HOMES IN AN HISTORIC SETTING : *by Winifred Lewis*

BRITANNIA AND EVE

GET IT AT THE BOOKSTALL OR FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSAGENT